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THE WORKS OF

# WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

FROM THE TEXT OF THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE'S
FOURTH EDITION, WITH AN ARRANGEMENT
OF HIS GLOSSARY

IN EIGHT VOLUMES

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So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valor arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

*Dun.* Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

*Serg.* Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

*Dun.* So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honor both.—Go get him surgeons.
[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*
Who comes here?

*Mal.* The worthy thane of Ross.

*Len.* What haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.

*Enter* ROSS.

*Ross.* God save the king!

*Dun.* Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

*Ross.* From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

*Dun.* Great happiness!
*Ross.* That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursèd, at Saint Colme's-inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
*Dun.* No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest:—go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
*Ross.* I'll see it done.
*Dun.* What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A heath.*

*Thunder. Enter the three* Witches.

*First Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?
*Sec. Witch.* Killing swine.
*Third Witch.* Sister, where thou?
*First Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—"Give me," quoth I:
"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
*Sec. Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.
*First Witch.* Thou art kind.
*Third Witch.* And I another.
*First Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary seven-nights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.—
Look what I have.

*Sec. Witch.* Show me, show me.
*First Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*
*Third Witch.* A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.
*All.* The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:—
Peace!— the charm's wound up.

*Enter* MACBETH *and* BANQUO; Soldiers *at some distance.*

*Macb.* So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
*Ban.* How far is't call'd to Forres?— What are these
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
*Macb.* Speak, if you can;—what are you?
*First Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
*Sec. Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
*Third Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter!
*Ban.* Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal:—to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak, then, to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favors nor your hate.

*First Witch.* Hail!
*Sec. Witch.* Hail!
*Third Witch.* Hail!
*First Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
*Sec Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.
*Third Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
*First Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!
*Macb.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I'm thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.
[*Witches vanish.*
*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—whither are they vanish'd?
*Macb.* Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind.—Would they had stay'd!
*Ban.* Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?
*Macb.* Your children shall be kings.
*Ban.* You shall be king.
*Macb.* And thane of Cawdor too,—went it not so?
*Ban.* To the selfsame tune and words.—Who's here?

*Enter* ROSS *and* ANGUS.

*Ross.* The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail

Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense,
And pour'd them down before him.
*Ang.* We are sent
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.
*Ross.* And, for an earnest of a greater honor,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.
*Ban.* [*aside*] What, can the devil speak true?
*Macb.* The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?
*Ang.* Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labor'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.
*Macb.* [*aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind.—[*To Ross and Ang.*] Thanks for your pains.—
[*Aside to Ban.*] Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promis'd no less to them?
*Ban.* [*aside to Macb.*] That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
*Macb.* [*aside*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.— I thank you, gentlemen.—
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting

Cannot be ill; cannot be good: — if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is
But what is not.

*Ban.* Look, how our partner's rapt.

*Macb.* [*aside*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

*Ban.* New honors come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mold
But with the aid of use.

*Macb.* [*aside*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

*Ban.* Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

*Macb.* Give me your favor: — my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.— Let us toward the king.—
[*Aside to Ban.*] Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

*Ban.* [*aside to Macb.*] Very gladly.

*Macb.* [*aside to Ban.*] Till then, enough.— Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Forres. A room in the palace.*

*Flourish. Enter* DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *and* Attendants.

*Dun.* Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

*Mal.* My liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.
*Dun.* There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

*Enter* MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, *and* ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou'rt so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I've left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.
*Macb.* The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants;
Which do but what they should by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honor.
*Dun.* Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
To make thee full of growing.— Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so: let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.
*Ban.* There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
*Dun.* My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.— Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon

Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honor must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.— From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

*Macb.* The rest is labor, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach:
So, humbly take my leave.

*Dun.* My worthy Cawdor!

*Macb.* [*aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies.— Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

*Dun.* True, worthy Banquo,— he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed,—
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Inverness. A room in* MACBETH'S *castle.*

*Enter* Lady MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

*Lady M.* "They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet do I fear thy nature;

*Third Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.
*First Witch.* Where the place?
*Sec. Witch.* Upon the heath.
*Third Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.
*First Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!
*Sec. Witch.* Paddock calls:—anon!
*All.* Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A camp near Forres.*

*Alarums within. Enter* DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *with* Attendants, *meeting a bleeding* Sergeant.

*Dun.* What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
*Mal.* This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king thy knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.
*Serg.* Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damnèd quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth,—well he deserves that name,—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valor's minion,
Carv'd out his passage till he fac'd the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.
*Dun.* O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
*Serg.* As whence the sun gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;

# MACBETH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, king of Scotland.
MALCOLM, } his sons.
DONALBAIN, }
MACBETH, } generals of the
BANQUO, } King's army.
MACDUFF, }
LENNOX, }
ROSS, } noblemen of
MENTEITH. } Scotland.
ANGUS, }
CAITHNESS, }
FLEANCE, son to Banquo.
SIWARD, earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.
Young SIWARD his son.
SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.
Boy, son to Macduff.
An English Doctor.
A Scotch Doctor.
A Sergeant.
A Porter.
An Old Man.

Lady MACBETH.
Lady MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

HECATE.
Three Witches.
Apparitions.

SCENE—*In the end of the fourth act in England; through the rest of the play in Scotland.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *An open place.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter three* Witches.

*First Witch.* When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
*Sec. Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

*Enter an* Attendant.

What is your tidings?

*Atten.* The king comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

*Atten.* So please you, it is true: — our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

*Lady M.* Give him tending;
He brings great news. [*Exit Attendant.*
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry "Hold, hold!"

*Enter* MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
*Macb.* My dear'st love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
*Lady M.* And when goes hence?
*Macb.* To-morrow, as he purposes.
*Lady M.* O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters:— to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
*Macb.* We will speak further.
*Lady M.* Only look up clear;
To alter favor ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. Before* MACBETH'S *castle.*

*Hautboys.* Servants *of* MACBETH *attending, with torches. Enter* DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, *and* Attendants.

*Dun.* This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
*Ban.* This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heavens' breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,

Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and proceant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd
The air is delicate.

*Enter* Lady MACBETH.

*Dun.* See, see, our honor'd hostess!—
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
*Lady M.* All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honors deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.
*Dun.* Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor : but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.
*Lady M.* Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.
*Dun.* Give me your hand ;
Conduct me to mine host : we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The same. A lobby in* MACBETH'S *castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over, a* Sewer, *and divers* Servants *with dishes and service. Then enter* MACBETH.

*Macb.* If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly : if th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success ; that but this blow

*Lady M.* Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar
Upon his death?
*Macb.* I'm settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *Inverness. Court of* MACBETH'S *castle.*

*Enter* BANQUO, *preceded by* FLEANCE *with a torch.*

*Ban.* How goes the night, boy?
*Fle.* The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.
*Fle.* I take't, 'tis later, sir.
*Ban.* Hold, take my sword:— there's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out:— take thee that too.—
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep:— merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursèd thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!— Give me my sword.—
Who's there?

*Enter* MACBETH, *and a* Servant *with a torch.*

*Macb.* A friend.
*Ban.* What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your officers:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.
*Macb.* Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.
*Ban.* All's well.—
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they've show'd some truth.
*Macb.* I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,

We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
*Ban.* At your kind'st leisure.
*Macb.* If you shall cleave to my consent,— when 'tis,
It shall make honor for you.
*Ban.* So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.
*Macb.* Good repose the while!
*Ban.* Thanks, sir: the like to you!
[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*
*Macb.* Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.— There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.— Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.— Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it.— Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Lady MACBETH.

*Lady M.* That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.— Hark!— Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night.— He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I've drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.
*Macb.* [*within*] Who's there? what, ho!
*Lady M.* Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:— th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us.— Hark!— I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em.— Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.— My husband!

*Re-enter* MACBETH.

*Macb.* I've done the deed.— Didst thou not hear a noise?
*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
*Macb.* When?
*Lady M.* Now.
*Macb.* As I descended?
*Lady M.* Ay.
*Macb.* Hark!—
Who lies i' the second chamber?
*Lady M.* Donalbain.
*Macb.* This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*
*Lady M.* A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
*Macb.* There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried "Murder!"

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

*Lady M.* There are two lodg'd together.

*Macb.* One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen!" the other;
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear: I could not say "Amen!"
When they did say "God bless us!"

*Lady M.* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.

*Lady M.* These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

*Macb.* Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

*Lady M.* What do you mean?

*Macb.* Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more,— Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

*Lady M.* Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things.—Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.* I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

*Lady M.* Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*

*Macb.* Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

*Re-enter* Lady MACBETH.

*Lady M.* My hands are of your color; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry: — retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.— [*Knocking within.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers: — be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. [*Knocking within.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter a* Porter. *Knocking within.*

*Porter.* Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key.— [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't.— [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator.—[*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.— [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? — But this place is too cold for

hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

*Enter* MACDUFF *and* LENNOX.

*Macd.* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

*Port.* Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

*Macd.* What three things does drink especially provoke?

*Port.* Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

*Macd.* I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

*Port.* That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

*Macd.* Is thy master stirring? —
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

*Re-enter* MACBETH.

*Len.* Good morrow, noble sir.

*Macb.* Good morrow, both.

*Macd.* Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

*Macb.* Not yet.

*Macd.* He did command me to call timely on him.
I've almost slipp'd the hour.

*Macb.* I'll bring you to him.

*Macd.* I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 'tis one.

*Macb.* The labor we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

*Macd.* I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit.*

*Len.* Goes the king hence to-day?
*Macb.* He does: he did appoint so.
*Len.* The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' th' air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confus'd events
New hatch'd to the woful time: the obscure bird
Clamor'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.
*Macb.* 'Twas a rough night,
*Len.* My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

*Re-enter* MACDUFF.

*Macd.* O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!
*Macb., Len.* What's the matter?
*Macd.* Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!
*Macb.* What is't you say? the life?
*Len.* Mean you his majesty?
*Macd.* Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon: — do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves. [*Exeunt Macb. and Len.*
Awake, awake! —
Ring the alarum-bell: — murder and treason! —
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! [*Alarum-bell rings.*

*Re-enter* Lady MACBETH.

*Lady M.* What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
*Macd.* O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:

The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

*Re-enter* BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murder'd!
*Lady M.* Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
*Ban.* Too cruel any where.—
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

*Re-enter* MACBETH *and* LENNOX.

*Macb.* Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessèd time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

*Enter* MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

*Don.* What is amiss?
*Macb.* You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd,— the very source of it is stopp'd.
*Macd.* Your royal father's murder'd.
*Mal.* O, by whom?
*Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:
They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
*Macb.* O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
*Macd.* Wherefore did you so?
*Macb.* Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colors of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make's love known?

*Lady M.* Help me hence, ho!

*Macd.* Look to the lady.

*Mal.* [*aside to Don.*] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

*Don.* [*aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?
Let's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.

*Mal.* [*aside to Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

*Ban.* Look to the lady: —

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and thence
Against the undivulg'd pretense I fight
Of treasonous malice.

*Macd.* And so do I.

*All.* So all.

*Macb.* Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' th' hall together.

*All.* Well contented.

[*Exeunt all except Malcolm and Donalbain.*

*Mal.* What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

*Don.* To Ireland I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

*Mal.* This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;

And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away : there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Without* MACBETH'S *castle.*

*Enter* ROSS *and an* Old Man.

*Old M.* Threescore and ten I can remember well :
Within the volume of which time I've seen
Hours dreadful and things strange ; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
*Ross.* Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage : by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the traveling lamp :
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it ?
*Old M.* 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.
*Ross.* And Duncan's horse',— a thing most strange and certain,—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
*Old M.* 'Tis said they eat each other.
*Ross.* They did so,— to th' amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't.— Here comes the good Macduff.

*Enter* MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now ?
*Macd.* Why, see you not ?
*Ross.* Is't known who did this more than bloody deed ?
*Macd.* Those that Macbeth hath slain.
*Ross.* Alas, the day !
What good could they pretend ?
*Macd.* They were suborn'd :
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,

Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
*Ross.* 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! — Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
*Macd.* He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone
To be invested.
*Ross.* Where is Duncan's body?
*Macd.* Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
*Ross.* Will you to Scone?
*Macd.* No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
*Ross.* Well, I will thither.
*Macd.* Well, may you see things well done there,— adieu,—
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
*Ross.* Farewell, father.
*Old M.* God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I. *Forres. A room in the palace.*

*Enter* BANQUO.

*Ban.* Thou hast it now,— king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

*Sennet sounded. Enter* MACBETH, *as king;* Lady MACBETH, *as queen;* LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants.

*Macb.* Here's our chief guest.

*Lady M.* If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
*Macb.* To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.
*Ban.* Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
*Macb.* Ride you this afternoon?
*Ban.* Ay, my good lord.
*Macb.* We should have else desir'd your good advice—
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous —
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?
*Ban.* As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
*Macb.* Fail not our feast.
*Ban.* My lord, I will not.
*Macb.* We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow;
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
*Ban.* Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon's.
*Macb.* I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [*Exit Banquo.*
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God b' wi' you!
[*Exeunt all except Macbeth and an Attendant.*
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?
*Atten.* They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.
*Macb.* Bring them before us. [*Exit Attendant.*
To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus.— Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My Genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar's. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancors in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to th' utterance! —Who's there?

*Re-enter* Attendant, *with two* Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit Attendant*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
*First Mur.* It was, so please your highness.
*Macb.* Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion craz'd
Say "Thus did Banquo."
*First Mur.* You made it known to us.

*Macb.* I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospel'd,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?
*First Mur.* We are men, my liege.
*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valu'd file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not i' the worst rank of manhood, say't;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.
*Sec. Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.
*First Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
*Macb.* Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.
*Both Mur.* True, my lord.
*Macb.* So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,

Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down : and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love ;
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.
*Sec. Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
*First Mur.* Though our lives —
*Macb.* Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves ;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't ; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace ; always thought
That I require a clearness : and with him —
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work —
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart :
I'll come to you anon.
*Both Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.
*Macb.* I'll call upon you straight : abide within.
[*Exeunt Murderers.*
It is concluded : — Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another room in the palace.*

*Enter* Lady MACBETH *and a* Servant.

*Lady M.* Is Banquo gone from court ?
*Serv.* Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
*Lady M.* Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
*Serv.* Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
*Lady M.* Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content :
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

*Enter* MACBETH.

How now, my lord ! why do you keep alone,

Of sorriest fancies your companions making;
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.
*Macb.* We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.
*Lady M.* Come on; gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.
*Macb.* So shall I, love;
And so, I pray, be you: let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo; present him eminence, both
With eye and tongue: unsafe the while that we
Must lave our honors in these flattering streams;
And make our faces visards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.
*Lady M.* You must leave this.
*Macb.* O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.
*Lady M.* But in them nature's copy's not eterne.
*Macb.* There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
*Lady M.* What's to be done?
*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.— Come, seeling night,

Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! — Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rocky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.—
Thou marvel'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A park, with a gate leading to the palace.*

*Enter three* Murderers.

*First Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?
*Third Mur.* Macbeth.
*Sec. Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
*First Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveler apace
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
*Third Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.
*Ban.* [*within*] Give us a light there, ho!
*Sec. Mur.* Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.
*First Mur.* His horses go about.
*Third Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace-gate
Make it their walk.
*Sec. Mur.* A light, a light!
*Third Mur.* 'Tis he.
*First Mur.* Stand to't.

*Enter* BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *with a torch.*

*Ban.* It will be rain to-night.
*First Mur.* Let it come down.
[*They assault Banquo.*

*Ban.* O, treachery! — Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge.— O slave! [*Dies. Fleance escapes.*
*Third Mur.* Who did strike out the light?
*First Mur.* Was't not the way?
*Third Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.
*Sec. Mur.* We've lost
Best half of our affair.
*First Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A room of state in the palace.*

*A banquet prepared. Enter* MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, *and* Attendants.

*Macb.* You know your own degrees, sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.
*Lords.* Thanks to your majesty.
*Macb.* Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.
*Lady M.* Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.
*Macb.* See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.—
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:

*Enter first* Murderer *to the door.*

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.— There's blood upon thy face.
*Mur.* 'Tis Banquo's, then.
*Macb.* 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
*Macb.* Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
*Mur.* Most royal sir,
Fleance is scap'd.
*Macb.* Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?
*Mur.* Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenchèd gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
*Macb.* Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone: to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves, again. [*Exit Murderer.*
*Lady M.* My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: that feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
*Macb.* Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
*Len.* May't please your highness sit.
[*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.*
*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honor roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!
*Ross.* His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.
*Macb.* The table's full.
*Len.* Here is a place reserv'd, sir.
*Macb.* Where?
*Len.* Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?
*Macb.* Which of you have done this?
*Lords.* What, my good lord?
*Macb.* Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
*Ross.* Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
*Lady M.* Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,

And hath been from his youth : pray you, keep seat ;
The fit is momentary ; upon a thought
He will again be well : if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion :
Feed, and regard him not.— Are you a man ?
*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the devil.
*Lady M.* O proper stuff !
This is the very painting of your fear :
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself !
Why do you make such faces ? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
*Macb.* Prithee, see there ! behold ! look ! lo ! how say you ? —
Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*
*Lady M.* What, quite unmann'd in folly ?
*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him.
*Lady M.* Fie, for shame !
*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal ;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for th' ear : the time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end ; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools : this is more strange
Than such a murder is.
*Lady M.* My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
*Macb.* I do forget : —
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all ;
Then I'll sit down.— Give me some wine, fill full.—
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ;
Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.
*Lords.* Our duties, and the pledge.

*Re-enter* Ghost.

*Macb.* Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! let the earth hide thee !
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with !
*Lady M.* Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom : 'tis no other ;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
*Macb.* What man dare, I dare :
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger ;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble : or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !
Unreal mockery, hence ! [*Ghost disappears.*
Why, so ; — being gone,
I am a man again.— Pray you, sit still.
*Lady M.* You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.
*Macb.* Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder ? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.
*Ross.* What sights, my lord ?
*Lady M.* I pray you, speak not ; he grows worse and worse ;
Question enrages him : at once, good night : —
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

*Len.* Good night ; and better health
Attend his majesty!
*Lady M.* A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt all except Macbeth and Lady M.*
*Macb.* It will have blood; they say blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.— What is the night?
*Lady M.* Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
*Macb.* How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?
*Lady M.* Did you send to him, sir?
*Macb.* I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow —
And betimes I will — to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I'm bent to know,
By the worse means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.
*Lady M.* You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
*Macb.* Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use: —
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V. *A heath.*

*Thunder. Enter the three* Witches, *meeting* HECATE.

*First Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.
*Hec.* Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside.
I am for th' air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.
[*Music and song within*, "Come away, come away," &c.
Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*
*First Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Forres. A room in the palace.*

*Enter* LENNOX *and another* Lord.

*Len.* My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangly borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth: — marry, he was dead: —
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous

It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damnèd fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,—
As, an't please heaven, he shall not,— they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! — for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

*Lord.* The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these — with Him above
To ratify the work — we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honors; —
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt at war.

*Len.* Sent he to Macduff?

*Lord.* He did: and with an absolute "Sir, not I,"
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, "You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer."

*Len.* And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing

May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!
*Lord.* I'll send my prayers with him.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A cavern. In the middle a caldron boiling. Thunder. Enter the three* Witches.

*First Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
*Sec. Witch.* Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
*Third Witch.* Harpy cries: — 'tis time, 'tis time.
*First Witch.* Round about the caldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.—
Toad, that under the cold stone
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmèd pot.
*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.
*Sec. Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,—
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.
*Third Witch.* Scale of dragon; tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat; and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,—
Make the gruel thick and slab:

Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our caldron.
*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.
*Sec. Witch.* Cool it with a báboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter* HECATE.

*Hec.* O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains:
And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
[*Music and song*, "Black spirits," &c.
[*Exit Hecate.*
*Sec. Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes: —
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

*Enter* MACBETH.

*Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is't you do?
*All.* A deed without a name.
*Macb.* I cónjure you, by that which you profess,—
Howe'er you come to know it,— answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken,— answer me
To what I ask you.
*First Witch.* Speak.
*Sec. Witch.* Demand.
*Third Witch.* We'll answer.
*First Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

*Macb.* Call 'em, let me see 'em.
*First Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.
*All.* Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

*Thunder. An* Apparition *of an armed Head rises.*

*Macb.* Tell me, thou unknown power,—
*First Witch.* He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.
*App. of armed Head.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff:
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—enough.
[*Descends.*
*Macb.* Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou'st harp'd my fear aright:—but one word more,—
*First Witch.* He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first.

*Thunder. An* Apparition *of a bloody Child rises.*

*App. of bloody Child.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
*Macb.* Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
*App. of bloody Child.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*
*Macb.* Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

*Thunder. An* Apparition *of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.*

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
*All.* Listen, but speak not to't.

*App. of Child crowned.* Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

*Macb.* That will never be:
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom.— Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me,— if your art
Can tell so much,— shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

*All.* Seek to know no more.

*Macb.* I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*

*First Witch.* Show!
*Sec. Witch.* Show!
*Third Witch.* Show!
*All.* Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

*Eight* Kings *appear, and pass over in order, the last with a glass in his hand;* BANQUO'S Ghost *following.*

*Macb.* Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs:— and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former.— Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?— A fourth?— Start, eyes!—
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?—
Another yet?— A seventh?— I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That twofold balls and treble scepters carry:
Horrible sight!— Now I see 'tis true;

For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.— What, is this so?
*First Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so: — but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly? —
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round;
That this great king may kindly say
Our duties did his welcome pay.
[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish.*
*Macb.* Where are they? Gone? — Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursèd in the calendar! —
Come in, without there!

*Enter* LENNOX.

*Len.* What's your grace's will?
*Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters?
*Len.* No, my lord.
*Macb.* Came they not by you?
*Len.* No, indeed, my lord.
*Macb.* Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them! — I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?
*Len.* 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.
*Macb.* Fled to England!
*Len.* Ay, my good lord.
*Macb.* Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights! — Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Fife. A room in* MACDUFF'S *castle.*

*Enter* Lady MACDUFF, *her* Son, *and* ROSS.

*L. Macd.* What had he done, to make him fly the land?
*Ross.* You must have patience, madam.
*L. Macd.* He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
*Ross.* You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
*L. Macd.* Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
*Ross.* My dear'st coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but for your husband,
He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumor
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move.— I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.— My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!
*L. Macd.* Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.
*Ross.* I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*
*L. Macd.* Sirrah, your father's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?
*Son.* As birds do, mother.
*L. Macd.* What, with worms and flies?
*Son.* With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

*L. Macd.* Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.
*Son.* Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.
*L. Macd.* Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?
*Son.* Nay, how will you do for a husband?
*L. Macd.* Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.
*Son.* Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.
*L. Macd.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.
*Son.* Was my father a traitor, mother?
*L. Macd.* Ay, that he was.
*Son.* What is a traitor?
*L. Macd.* Why, one that swears and lies.
*Son.* And be all traitors that do so?
*L. Macd.* Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.
*Son.* And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?
*L. Macd.* Every one.
*Son.* Who must hang them?
*L. Macd.* Why, the honest men.
*Son.* Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.
*L. Macd.* Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?
*Son.* If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.
*L. Macd.* Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Mess.* Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honor I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*
*L. Macd.* Whither should I fly?
I've done no harm. But I remember now
I'm in this earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why, then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defense,
To say I've done no harm?

*Enter* Murderers.

What are these faces?
*First Mur.* Where is your husband?
*L. Macd.* I hope in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.
*First Mur.* He's a traitor.
*Son.* Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!
*First Mur.* What, you egg! [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery!
*Son.* He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [*Dies.*
[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying* "Murder!" *and pursued by the Murderers.*

SCENE III. *England. Before the King's palace.*

*Enter* MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

*Mal.* Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
*Macd.* Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolor.
*Mal.* What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I'm young; but something
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
T' appease an angry god.
*Macd.* I am not treacherous.
*Mal.* But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.
*Macd.* I've lost my hopes.
*Mal.* Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? — I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,
But mine own safeties: — you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.
*Macd.* Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
Thy title is affeer'd! — Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
*Mal.* Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

*Macd.* What should he be?
*Mal.* It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.
*Macd.* Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.
*Mal.* I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.
*Macd.* Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink
We've willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.
*Mal.* With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.
*Macd.* This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root

Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.
*Mal.* But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
*Macd.* O Scotland, Scotland!
*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.
*Macd.* Fit to govern!
No, not to live.— O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed? — Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she livèd. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.— O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!
*Mal.* Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,

For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman ; never was forsworn ;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own ;
At no time broke my faith ; would not betray
The devil to his fellow ; and delight
No less in truth than life : my first false speaking
Was this upon myself : — what I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's to command : —
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth :
Now we'll together ; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you silent ?

*Macd.* Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

*Enter a* Doctor.

*Mal.* Well ; more anon.— Comes the king forth, I pray you ?

*Doct.* Ay, sir ; there are a crew of wretched sòuls
That stay his cure : their malady convinces
The great assay of art ; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

*Mal.* I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*

*Macd.* What's the disease he means ?

*Mal.* 'Tis call'd the evil :
A most miraculous work in this good king ;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I've seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers : and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy ;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

*Macd.* See, who comes here ?

*Mal.* My countryman ; but yet I know him not.

*Enter* ROSS.

*Macd.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
*Mal.* I know him now — good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!
*Ross.* Sir, amen.
*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did?
*Ross.* Alas, poor country, —
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or e'er they sicken.
*Macd.* O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
*Mal.* What's the new'st grief?
*Ross.* That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
*Macd.* How does my wife?
*Ross.* Why, well.
*Macd.* And all my children?
*Ross.* Well too.
*Macd.* The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
*Ross.* No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes't?
*Ross.* When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
*Mal.* Be't their comfort
We're coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

*Ross.* Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
*Macd.* What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?
*Ross.* No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
*Macd.* If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
*Ross.* Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
*Macd.* Hum! I guess at it.
*Ross.* Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
*Mal.* Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
*Macd.* My children too?
*Ross.* Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
*Macd.* And I must be from thence!—
My wife kill'd too?
*Ross.* I've said.
*Mal.* Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
*Macd.* He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say all?—O hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?
*Mal.* Dispute it like a man.
*Macd.* I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!
*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
*Macd.* O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! — But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
*Mal.* This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready; —
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

*Enter a* Doctor of Physic *and a* Waiting-Gentlewoman

*Doct.* I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

*Gent.* Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

*Doct.* A great perturbation in nature,—to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching! — In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

*Gent.* That, sir, which I will not report after her.

*Doct.* You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

*Gent.* Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.— Lo you, here she comes!

*Enter* Lady MACBETH, *with a taper.*

This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

*Doct.* How came she by that light?

*Gent.* Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

*Doct.* You see, her eyes are open.

*Gent.* Ay, but their sense' are shut.

*Doct.* What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

*Gent.* It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

*Lady M.* Yet here's a spot.

*Doct.* Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

*Lady M.* Out, damned spot! out, I say! — One, two; why, then 'tis time to do't.— Hell is murky! — Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? — Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

*Doct.* Do you mark that?

*Lady M.* The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? — What, will these hands ne'er be clean? — No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

*Doct.* Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

*Gent.* She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

*Lady M.* Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

*Doct.* What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

*Gent.* I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

*Doct.* Well, well, well,—

*Gent.* Pray God it be, sir.

*Doct.* This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have

known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

*Lady M.* Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale: — I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

*Doct.* Even so?

*Lady M.* To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*

*Doct.* Will she go now to bed?

*Gent.* Directly.

*Doct.* Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician: —
God, God forgive us all! — Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her: — so, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

*Gent.* Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The country near Dunsinane.*

*Enter, with drum and colors,* MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, *and* Soldiers.

*Ment.* The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff:
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Exite the mortified man.

*Ang.* Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

*Caith.* Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

*Len.* For certain, sir, he is not: I've a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

*Ment.* What does the tyrant?

*Caith.* Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,

He cannot buckle his distemper'd course
Within the belt of rule.
*Ang.* Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
*Ment.* Who, then, shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?
*Caith.* Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.
*Len.* Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

*Enter* MACBETH, Doctor, *and* Attendants.

*Macb.* Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus,
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee." — Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

*Enter a* Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?
*Serv.* There is ten thousand —
*Macb.* Geese, villain?
*Serv.* Soldiers, sir.

*Macb.* Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counselors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

*Serv.* The English force, so please you.

*Macb.* Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant.*
Seyton! — I'm sick at heart,
When I behold — Seyton, I say! — This push
Will chair me ever, or dis-seat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.—
Seyton!

*Enter* SEYTON.

*Sey.* What is your gracious pleasure?

*Macb.* What news more?

*Sey.* All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

*Macb.* I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armor.

*Sey.* 'Tis not needed yet.

*Macb.* I'll put it on.—
Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.— Give me mine armor.—
How does your patient, doctor?

*Doct.* Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

*Macb.* Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain:
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

*Doct.* Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

*Macb.* Throw physic to the dogs,— I'll none of it.—

Come, put mine armor on ; give me my staff : —
Seyton, send out.— Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—
Come, sir, dispatch.— If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.— Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

*Doct.* Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

*Macb.* Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

[*Exeunt all except Doctor.*

*Doct.* Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here; [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Country near Dunsinane : a wood in view.*

*Enter, with drum and colors,* MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD *and young* SIWARD, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, *and* Soldiers, *marching.*

*Mal.* Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

*Ment.* We doubt it nothing.

*Siw.* What wood is this before us?

*Ment.* The wood of Birnam.

*Mal.* Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him : thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

*Soldiers.* It shall be done.

*Siw.* We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our sitting down before't.

*Mal.* 'Tis his main hope :
For where there is advantage to be ta'en,
Both more and less have given him the revolt ;

And none serve with him but constrainèd things,
Whose hearts are absent too.
*Macd.* Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
*Siw.* The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V. *Dunsinane. Within the castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colors,* MACBETH, SEYTON, *and* Soldiers.

*Macb.* Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, "They come:" our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. [*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise?
*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*
*Macb.* I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

*Re-enter* SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?
*Sey.* The queen, my lord, is dead.
*Macb.* She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: 'tis a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

*Enter a* Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.
*Mess.* Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
*Macb.* Well, say, sir.
*Mess.* As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
*Macb.* Liar and slave!
*Mess.* Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
*Macb.* If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;"—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish th' estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A plain before the castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colors,* MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c., and their* Army *with boughs.*

*Mal.* Now near enough; your leafy screens throw down,

And show like those you are.— You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle : worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.
*Siw.* Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
*Macd.* Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The same. Another part of the plain.*

*Alarums. Enter* MACBETH.

*Macb.* They've tied me to a stake ; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.— What's he
That was not born of woman ? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter young* SIWARD.

*Yo. Siw.* What is thy name ?
*Macb.* Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
*Yo. Siw.* No ; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
*Macb.* My name's Macbeth.
*Yo. Siw.* The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.
*Yo. Siw.* Thou liest, abhorrèd tyrant ; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*
*Macb.* Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

*Alarums. Enter* MACDUFF.

*Macd.* That way the noise is.— Tyrant, show thy face !
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves : either thou, Macbeth,

Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited: — let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

*Enter* MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

*Siw.* This way, my lord; — the castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war:
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
*Mal.* We've met with foes
That strike beside us.
*Siw.* Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarums.*

SCENE VIII. *The same. Another part of the plain.*

*Enter* MACBETH.

*Macb.* Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

*Enter* MACDUFF.

*Macd.* Turn, hell-hound, turn!
*Macb.* Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
*Macd.* I have no words,—
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*
*Macb.* Thou losest labor:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmèd life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
*Macd.* Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

*Macb.* Accursèd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope! — I'll not fight with thee.
*Macd.* Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit
"Here may you see the tyrant."
*Macb.* I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: — before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries "Hold, enough!"
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

*Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colors,* MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, ROSS, LENNOX, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, MENTEITH, *and* Soldiers.

*Mal.* I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.
*Siw.* Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
*Mal.* Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
*Ross.* Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
*Siw.* Then he is dead?
*Ross.* Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
*Siw.* Had he his hurts before?
*Ross.* Ay, on the front.
*Siw.* Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,

I would not wish them to a fairer death :
And so, his knell is knoll'd.
*Mal.* He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.
*Siw.* He's worth no more :
They say he parted well, and paid his score :
And so, God b' wi' him ! — Here comes newer comfort.

*Re-enter* MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH'S *head on a pole.*

*Macd.* Hail, king ! for so thou art : behold, where stands
Th' usurper's cursèd head : the time is free :
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds ;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, King of Scotland !
*All.* Hail, King of Scotland ! [*Flourish.*
*Mal.* We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls,— the first that ever Scotland
In such an honor nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny ;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,—
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life ; — this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place :
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

# TIMON OF ATHENS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.
LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, } lords, and flatterers of Timon.
VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.
ALCIBIADES, an Athenian general.
APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.
FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.
Poet, Painter, Jeweler, and Merchant.
An old Athenian.

FLAMINIUS, LUCILIUS, SERVILIUS, } servants to Timon.
CAPHIS, PHILOTUS, TITUS, HORTENSIUS, And others, } servants to Timon's creditors.
A Page. A Fool.
Three Strangers.

PHRYNIA, TIMANDRA, } mistresses to Alcibiades.

Cupid and Amazons in the mask.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE—*Athens and the woods adjoining.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. A hall in* TIMON'S *house.*

*Enter* Poet, Painter, Jeweler, Merchant, *and others, at several doors.*

*Poet.* Good day, sir.
*Pain.* I am glad you're well.
*Poet.* I have not seen you long : how goes the world ?
*Pain.* It wears, sir, as it grows.
*Poet.* Ay, that's well known :
But what particular rarity ? what strange,

Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.
*Pain.* I know them both; th' other's a jeweler.
*Mer.* O, 'tis a worthy lord.
*Jew.* Nay, that's most fix'd.
*Mer.* A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness:
He passes.
*Jew.* I have a jewel here—
*Mer.* O, pray, let's see't: for the Lord Timon, sir?
*Jew.* If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—
*Poet.* [*reading from his poem*] "When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good."
*Mer.* 'Tis a good form. [*Looking at the jewel.*
*Jew.* And rich: here is a water, look ye.
*Pain.* You're rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.
*Poet.* A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.—What have you there?
*Pain.* A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth?
*Poet.* Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.—
Let's see your piece.
*Pain.* 'Tis a good piece.
*Poet.* So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.
*Pain.* Indifferent.
*Poet.* Admirable: how this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.
*Pain.* It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is't good?
*Poet.* I will say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

*Enter certain* Senators, *and pass over.*

*Pain.* How this lord is follow'd!
*Poet.* The senators of Athens: — happy man!
*Pain.* Look, more!
*Poet.* You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath-world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no level'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight. bold, and forth on,
Leaving no track behind.
*Pain.* How shall I understand you?
*Poet.* I'll unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds —
As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality — tender down
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.
*Pain.* I saw them speak together.
*Poet.* Sir,
I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labor on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.
*Pain.* 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,

With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

*Poet.* Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,—
Some better than his value,— on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

*Pain.* Ay, marry, what of these?

*Poet.* When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labor'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

*Pain.* 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter* TIMON, *attended; a* Servant *of* VENTIDIUS *talking with him;* LUCILIUS *and other* Attendants *following.*

*Tim.* Imprison'd is he, say you?

*Ven. Serv.* Ay, my good lord; five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honorable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing him
Periods his comfort.

*Tim.* Noble Ventidius! — Well;
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he most needs me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,—
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

*Ven. Serv.* Your lordship ever binds him.

*Tim.* Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me: —

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.— Fare you well.
*Ven. Serv.* All happiness to your honor ! [*Exit.*

*Enter an old* Athenian.

*Old Ath.* Lord Timon, hear me speak.
*Tim.* Freely, good father.
*Old Ath.* Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.
*Tim.* I have so : what of him ?
*Old Ath.* Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.
*Tim.* Attends he here, or no ? — Lucilius !
*Luc.* [*coming forward*] Here, at your lordship's service.
*Old Ath.* This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift ;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.
*Tim.* Well ; what further ?
*Old Ath.* One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got :
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love : I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort ;
Myself have spoken in vain.
*Tim.* The man is honest.
*Old Ath.* Therefore he will be, Timon :
His honesty rewards him in itself ;
It must not bear my daughter.
*Tim.* Does she love him ?
*Old Ath.* She is young and apt :
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.
*Tim.* [*to Lucilius*] Love you the maid ?
*Luc.* Ay, my good lord ; and she accepts of it.
*Old Ath.* If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

*Tim.* How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?
*Old Ath.* Three talents on the present; in future, all.
*Tim.* This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.
*Old Ath.* Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honor, she is his.
*Tim.* My hand to thee; mine honor on my promise.
*Luc.* Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!
[*Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.*
*Poet.* [*presenting his poem*] Vouchsafe my labor, and long live your lordship!
*Tim.* I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away.— What have you there, my friend?
*Pain.* [*presenting his painting*] A piece of painting. which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.
*Tim.* Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonor traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.
*Pain.* The gods preserve ye!
*Tim.* Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.— Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.
*Jew.* What, my lord! dispraise?
*Tim.* A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.
*Jew.* My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prizèd by their masters: believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

*Tim.* Well mock'd.
*Mer.* No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue
Which all men speak with him.
*Tim.* Look, who comes here:
Will you be chid?

*Enter* APEMANTUS.

*Jew.* We'll bear, with your lordship.
*Mer.* He'll spare none.
*Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus.
*Apem.* Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.
*Tim.* Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.
*Apem.* Are they not Athenians?
*Tim.* Yes.
*Apem.* Then I repent not.
*Jew.* You know me, Apemantus?
*Apem.* Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.
*Tim.* Thou art proud, Apemantus.
*Apem.* Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.
*Tim.* Whither art going?
*Apem.* To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.
*Tim.* That's a deed thou'lt die for.
*Apem.* Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.
*Tim.* How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?
*Apem.* The best, for the innocence.
*Tim.* Wrought he not well that painted it?
*Apem.* He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.
*Pain.* You're a dog.
*Apem.* Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?
*Tim.* Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?
*Apem.* No; I eat not lords.
*Tim.* An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.
*Apem.* O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.
*Tim.* That's a lascivious apprehension.
*Apem.* So thou apprehendest it: take it for thy labor.
*Tim.* How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?
*Apem.* Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

*Tim.* What dost thou think 'tis worth?
*Apem.* Not worth my thinking.— How now, poet!
*Poet.* How now, philosopher!
*Apem.* Thou liest.
*Poet.* Art not one?
*Apem.* Yes.
*Poet.* Then I lie not.
*Apem.* Art not a poet?
*Poet.* Yes.
*Apem.* Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.
*Poet.* That's not feigned,— he is so.
*Apem.* Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labor: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!
*Tim.* What wouldst do then, Apemantus?
*Apem.* E'en as Apemantus does now,— hate a lord with my heart.
*Tim.* What, thyself?
*Apem.* Ay.
*Tim.* Wherefore?
*Apem.* That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?
*Mer.* Ay, Apemantus.
*Apem.* Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!
*Mer.* If traffic do it, the gods do it.
*Apem.* Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

*Trumpet sounds within. Enter a* Servant.

*Tim.* What trumpet's that?
*Serv.* 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.
*Tim.* Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.—
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*
You must needs dine with me: — go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you;— you, when dinner's done,
Show me this piece: — I'm joyful of your sights.

*Enter* ALCIBIADES *and his* Company, *with* Attendants.

Most welcome, sir! [*They salute.*

*Apem.* So, so, there! —
Achès contract and starve your supple joints! —
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.
*Alcib.* Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.
*Tim.* Right welcome, sir!
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all except Apemantus.*

*Enter two* Lords.

*First Lord.* What time o' day is't, Apemantus?
*Apem.* Time to be honest.
*First Lord.* That time serves still.
*Apem.* The more accursèd thou, that still omitt'st it.
*Sec. Lord.* Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?
*Apem.* Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.
*Sec. Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.
*Apem.* Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.
*Sec. Lord.* Why, Apemantus?
*Apem.* Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.
*First Lord.* Hang thyself!
*Apem.* No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.
*Sec. Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence!
*Apem.* I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. [*Exit.*
*First Lord.* He's opposite to humanity.— Come, shall we in,
And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.
*Sec. Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.
*First Lord.* The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.

*Sec. Lord.* Long may he live
In fortunes! — Shall we in?
*First Lord.* I'll keep you company.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A room of state in* TIMON'S *house.*

*Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in;* FLAVIUS *and others attending; then enter* TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords, Senators, *and* VENTIDIUS. *Then comes, dropping after all,* APEMANTUS, *discontentedly.*

*Ven.* Most honor'd Timon,
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.
*Tim.* O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.
*Ven.* A noble spirit!
[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.*
*Tim.* Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*
*First Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.
*Apem.* Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?
*Tim.* O, Apemantus,— you are welcome.
*Apem.* No;
You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

*Tim.* Fie, thou'rt a churl; you've got a humor there
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.—
They say, my lords, *Ira furor brevis est;*
But yond man is ever angry.—
Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

*Apem.* Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon: I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

*Tim.* I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athenian, therefore welcome: I myself would have no power; prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

*Apem.* I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee.— O you gods, what a number of men eat
Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see
So many dip their meat in one man's blood;
And all the madness is, he cheers them up too.
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow that sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: 't has been proved. If I
Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

*Tim.* [*to a Lord who drinks to him*] My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

*Sec. Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

*Apem.* Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well.— Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon.—
Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This and my food are equals; there's no odds:
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

*Apemantus' grace.*

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:

Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root. [*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

*Tim.* Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

*Alcib.* My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

*Tim.* You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

*Alcib.* So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

*Apem.* Would all those flatterers were thine enemies, then, that thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em!

*First Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

*Tim.* O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

*Apem.* Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.
*Sec. Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.
*Apem.* Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.
*Third Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.
*Apem.* Much! [*Tucket sounded within.*
*Tim.* What means that trump?

*Enter a* Servant.

How now!
*Serv.* Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.
*Tim.* Ladies! what are their wills?
*Serv.* There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.
*Tim.* I pray, let them be admitted.

*Enter* CUPID.

*Cup.* Hail to thee, worthy Timon; — and to all
That of his bounties taste! — The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom:
Th' ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise; —
These only now come but to feast thine eyes.
*Tim.* They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance: —
Music, make their welcome! [*Exit Cupid.*
*First Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you're belov'd.

*Music. Re-enter* CUPID, *with a Mask of* Ladies *as Amazons with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

*Apem.* Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up agen,

With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives, that's not depravèd or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?
I should fear those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*The* Lords *rise from table, with much adoring of* TIMON; *and to show their loves, each singles out an* Amazon, *and all dance; men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

*Tim.* You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You've added worth unto't and lively luster,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for't.

*First Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the best.

*Apem.* Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

*Tim.* Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you: Please you to dispose yourselves.

*All Lad.* Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.*

*Tim.* Flavius,—

*Flav.* My lord?

*Tim.* The little casket bring me hither.

*Flav.* Yes, my lord.— [*Aside*] More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in's humor;
Else I should tell him,—well, i' faith, I should,—
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. [*Exit*

*First Lord.* Where be our men?

*Serv.* Here, my lord, in readiness.

*Sec. Lord.* Our horses!

*Re-enter* FLAVIUS *with the casket.*

*Tim.* O my friends,

I've one word to say to you: — look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honor me so much
As to advance this jewel; accept and wear it,
Kind my lord.
*First Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—
*All.* So are we all.

*Enter a* Servant.

*Serv.* My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.
*Tim.* They're fairly welcome.
*Flav.* I beseech your honor,
Vouchsafe me a word, it does concern you near.
*Tim.* Near! why, then, another time I'll hear thee:
I prithee,
Let's be provided to show them entertainment.
*Flav.* [*aside*] I scarce know how.

*Enter a second* Servant.

*Sec. Serv.* May it please your honor, Lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.
*Tim.* I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

*Enter a third* Servant.

How now! what news?
*Third Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honorable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company tomorrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honor two brace of greyhounds.
*Tim.* I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.
*Flav.* [*aside*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer:
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good:
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes
For every word: he's so kind, that he now

Pays interest for't ; his land's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out !
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

*Tim.* You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits : —
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

*Sec. Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

*Third Lord.* O, he's the very soul of bounty !

*Tim.* And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on : it is yours, because you lik'd it.

*First Lord.* O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
In that.

*Tim.* You may take my word, my lord ; I know, no man
Can justly praise but what he does affect :
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own ;
I'll tell you true.— I'll call to you.

*All Lords.* O, none so welcome.

*Tim.* I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give ;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.— Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich ;
It comes in charity to thee ; for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead ; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

*Alcib.* Ay, defil'd land, my lord.

*First Lord.* We are so virtuously bound —

*Tim.* And so
Am I to you.

*Sec. Lord.* So infinitely endear'd —

*Tim.* All to you.— Lights, more lights !

*First Lord.* The best of happiness,
Honor, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon !

*Tim.* Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt all except Apemantus and Timon.*

*Apem.* What a coil's here !

Serving of becks, and jutting-out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

*Tim.* Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.

*Apem.* No, I'll nothing; for if I should be bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: what need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

*Tim.* Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. [*Exit.*

*Apem.* So; thou wilt not hear me now,—
Thou shalt not then, I'll lock thy heaven from thee.—
O that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *Athens. A room in a* Senator's *house.*

*Enter a* Senator, *with papers in his hand.*

*Sen.* And late, five thousand;—to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand;—besides my former sum,
Which makes it five-and-twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy ten more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
Ten able horses: no porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety.—Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

*Enter* CAPHIS.

*Caph.* Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

*Sen.* Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;

Impórtune him for my moneys ; be not ceas'd
With slight denial ; nor then silenc'd when —
"Commend me to your master"— and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus : — but tell him, sirrah,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own ; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit : I love and honor him ;
But must not break my back to heal his finger :
Immediate are my needs ; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone :
Put on a most importunate aspéct,
A visage of demand ; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.

*Caph.* I go, sir.

*Sen.* Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

*Caph.* I will, sir.

*Sen.* Go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A hall in* TIMON'S *house.*

*Enter* FLAVIUS, *with many bills in his hand.*

*Flav.* No care, no stop ! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot : takes no account
How things go from him ; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue : never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done ? he will not hear, till feel :
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie !

*Enter* CAPHIS, *and the* Servants *of* ISIDORE *and* VARRO.

*Caph.* Good even, Varro : what,
You come for money ?

*Var. Serv.* Is't not your business too ?

*Caph.* It is : — and yours too, Isidore ?

*Isid. Serv.* It is so.
*Caph.* Would we were all discharg'd!
*Var. Serv.* I fear it.
*Caph.* Here comes the lord.

*Enter* TIMON, ALCIBIADES, *and* Lords, &c.

*Tim.* So soon as dinner's done we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.— With me? what is your will?
*Caph.* My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
*Tim.* Dues! Whence are you?
*Caph.* Of Athens here, my lord.
*Tim.* Go to my steward.
*Caph.* Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit
In giving him his right.
*Tim.* Mine honest friend,
I prithee, but repair to me next morning.
*Caph.* Nay, good my lord,—
*Tim.* Contain thyself, good friend.
*Var. Serv.* One Varro's servant, my good lord,—
*Isid. Serv.* From Isidore;
He humbly prays your speedy payment,—
*Caph.* If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—
*Var. Serv.* 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks
And past,—
*Isid. Serv.* Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.
*Tim.* Give me breath.—
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
I'll wait upon you instantly. [*Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.*
[*To Flav.*] Come hither: pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honor?
*Flav.* Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your impórtunacy cease till after dinner;

That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

*Tim.* Do so, my friends.—
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit.*

*Flav.* Pray, draw near. [*Exit.*

*Caph.* Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus: let's ha' some sport with 'em.

*Var. Serv.* Hang him, he'll abuse us.

*Isid. Serv.* A plague upon him, dog!

*Enter* APEMANTUS *and* Fool.

*Var. Serv.* How dost, fool?

*Apem.* Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

*Var. Serv.* I speak not to thee.

*Apem.* No, 'tis to thyself.—[*To the Fool*] Come away.

*Isid. Serv.* [*to Var Serv.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

*Apem.* No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not on him yet.

*Caph.* Where's the fool now?

*Apem.* He last asked the question.— Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

*All. Serv.* What are we, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Asses.

*All. Serv.* Why?

*Apem.* That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.— Speak to 'em, fool.

*Fool.* How do you, gentlemen?

*All Serv.* Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?

*Fool.* She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

*Apem.* Good! gramercy.

*Fool.* Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

*Enter* Page.

*Page.* [*to the Fool*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? — How dost thou, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably!

*Page.* Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

*Apem.* Canst not read ?

*Page.* No.

*Apem.* There will little learning die, then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon ; this to Alcibiades. Go ; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

*Page.* Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

*Apem.* E'en so thou outrunnest grace. [*Exit Page.*] Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

*Fool.* Will you leave me there ?

*Apem.* If Timon stay at home.— You three serve three usurers ?

*All. Serv.* Ay ; would they served us !

*Apem.* So would I,— as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

*Fool.* Are you three usurers' men ?

*All Serv.* Ay, fool.

*Fool.* I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant : my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merrily ; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly : the reason of this ?

*Var. Serv.* I could render one.

*Apem.* Do it, then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave ; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

*Var. Serv.* What is a whoremaster, fool ?

*Fool.* A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit : sometime 't appears like a lord ; sometime like a lawyer ; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one : he is very often like a knight ; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

*Var. Serv.* Thou art not altogether a fool.

*Fool.* Nor thou altogether a wise man : as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

*Apem.* That answer might have become Apemantus.

*All Serv.* Aside, aside ; here comes Lord Timon.

*Re-enter* TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

*Apem.* Come with me, fool, come.

*Fool.* I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher.

[*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*

*Flav.* Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Servants*

*Tim.* You make me marvel: wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expense
As I had leave of means?

*Flav.* You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd.

*Tim.* Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made you minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

*Flav.* O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I've shook my head and wept;
Yea, 'gainst th' authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,
Though you hear now — too late — yet now's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

*Tim.* Let all my land be sold.

*Flav.* 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

*Tim.* To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

*Flav.* O my good lord, the world is but a word:
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

*Tim.* You tell me true.

*Flav.* If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,

Call me before th' exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders ; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine ; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy ;
I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

*Tim.* Prithee, no more.

*Flav.* Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord !
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted ! Who is not Lord Timon's ?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's ?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon !
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made :
Feast-won, fast-lost ; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

*Tim.* Come, sermon me no further :
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart ;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep ? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends ? Secure thy heart ;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

*Flav.* Assurance bless your thoughts !

*Tim.* And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings ; for by these
Shall I try friends : you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes ; I am wealthy in my friends.—
Within there ! Flaminius ! Servilius !

*Enter* FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, *and other* Servants.

*Servants.* My lord ? my lord ? —

*Tim.* I will dispatch you severally :— [*to Servil.*] you to Lord Lucius ; — [*to Flam.*] to Lord Lucullus you ; I hunted with his honor to-day ; — [*to another Serv.*] you to Sempronius : commend me to their loves ; and, I am

proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em
toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

*Flam.* As you have said, my lord.

[*Exit with Servilius and another Servant.*

*Flam.* [*aside*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum!

*Tim.* [*to another Serv.*] Go you, sir, to the senators,—
Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing; bid 'em send o' th' instant
A thousand talents to me. [*Exit Servant.*

*Flav.* I have been bold—
For that I knew it the most general way—
To them to use your signet and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

*Tim.* Is't true? can 't be?

*Flav.* They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honorable—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not what—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity;—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.

*Tim.* You gods, reward them!—
I prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.—
[*To another Serv.*] Go to Ventidius,—[*to Flav.*] Prithee,
be not sad,
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee:—[*to the same Serv.*] Ventidius
lately
Buried his father; by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity

Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents. [*Exit Serv.*
[*To Flav.*] That had, give't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.
*Flav.* I would I could not think it: that thought is bounty's foe:
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I. *Athens. A room in* LUCULLUS' *house.*

FLAMINIUS *waiting. Enter a* Servant *to him.*

*Serv.* I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.
*Flam.* I thank you, sir.

*Enter* LUCULLUS.

*Serv.* Here's my lord.
*Lucul.* [*aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night.— Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively welcome, sir.— Fill me some wine. [*Exit Serv.*] — And how does that honorable, complete, freehearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?
*Flam.* His health is well, sir.
*Lucul.* I am right glad that his health is well, sir: and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?
*Flam.* Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honor to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.
*Lucul.* La, la, la, la,— "nothing doubting," says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from't.

*Re-enter* Servant, *with wine.*

*Serv.* Please your lordship, here is the wine.

*Lucul.* Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise.
Here's to thee. [*Drinks and then gives him wine.*

*Flam.* Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

*Lucul.* I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,— give thee thy due,— and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.— [*To Serv.*] Get you gone, sirrah. [*Exit Serv.*] — Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou sawest me not. Fare thee well.

*Flam.* Is't possible the world should so much differ,
And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damnèd baseness,
To him that worships thee! [*Throwing the money back.*

*Lucul.* Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit.*

*Flam.* May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave
Unto his honor has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

## SCENE II. *The same. A public place.*

*Enter* LUCIUS, *with three* Strangers.

*Luc.* Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honorable gentleman.

*First Stran.* We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumors,—now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

*Luc.* Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

*Sec. Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

*Luc.* How!

*Sec. Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

*Luc.* What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honorable man! there was very little honor showed in't. For my part, I must needs confess, I have received some little kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

*Enter* SERVILIUS.

*Servil.* See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have swet to see his honor.—[*To Lucius*] My honored lord,—

*Luc.* Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honorable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

*Servil.* May it please your honor, my lord hath sent—

*Luc.* Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

*Servil.* 'Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

*Luc.* I know his lordship is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

*Servil.* But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

*Luc.* Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

*Servil.* Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

*Luc.* What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honorable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honor! — Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do,— the more beast, I say: — I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honor will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: — and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honorable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

*Servil.* Yes, sir, I shall.

*Luc.* I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

[*Exit Servilius.*

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;
And he that's once denied will hardly speed. [*Exit.*

*First Stran.* Did you observe this, Hostilius?

*Sec. Stran.* Ay, too well.

*First Stran.* Why, this
Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet — O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape! —
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

*Third Stran.* Religion groans at it.

*First Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor e'er came any of his bounties o'er me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honorable carriage,

Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart : but I perceive
Men must learn now with pity to dispense ;
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in* SEMPRONIUS' *house.*

*Enter* SEMPRONIUS, *and a* Servant *of* TIMON'S.

*Sem.* Must he needs trouble me in't,— hum !— 'bove all others ?
He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus ;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison : all these three
Owe their estates unto him.
*Serv.* My lord, they
Have all been touch'd, and found base metal ; for
They've all denied him.
*Sem.* How ! have they denied him ?
Have Ventidius and Lucullus denied him ?
And does he send to me ? Three ? hum !—
It shows but little love or judgment in him :
Must I be his last refuge ? His friends, like physicians,
Thrice give him over ; must I take the cure upon me ?
'Has much disgrac'd me in't ; I'm angry at him,
That might have known my place : I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first ;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him :
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last ? No :
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
'Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake ;
I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join :
Who bates mine honor shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*
*Serv.* Excellent ! Your lordship's a goodly villain.
The devil knew not what he did when he made man
politic,— he crossed himself by't : and I cannot think

but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear.
How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous
copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent
zeal, would set all realms on fire:
Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's last hope; now all are fled,
Save the gods only: now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A hall in* TIMON'S *house.*

*Enter two* Servants *of* VARRO, *and the* Servant *of* LUCIUS, *meeting* TITUS, HORTENSIUS, *and other* Servants *of* TIMON'S *creditors, waiting his coming out.*

*First Var. Serv.* Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.
*Tit.* The like to you, kind Varro.
*Hor.* Lucius!
What, do we meet together?
*Luc. Serv.* Ay, and I think
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.
*Tit.* So is theirs and ours.

*Enter* PHILOTUS.

*Luc. Serv.* And Sir Philotus too!
*Phi.* Good day at once.
*Luc. Serv.* Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?
*Phi.* Laboring for nine.
*Luc. Serv.* So much?
*Phi.* Is not my lord seen yet?
*Luc. Serv.* Not yet.
*Phi.* I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.
*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him:
You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's;

But not, like his, recoverable. I fear
'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

*Phi.* I am of your fear for that.

*Tit.* I'll show you how t' observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

*Hor.* Most true, he does.

*Tit.* And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

*Hor.* It is against my heart.

*Luc. Serv.* Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes;
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

*Hor.* I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

*First Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: what's yours?

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand mine.

*First Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equal'd.

*Enter* FLAMINIUS.

*Tit.* One of Lord Timon's men.

*Luc. Serv.* Flaminius! — Sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

*Flam.* No, indeed, he is not.

*Tit.* We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

*Flam.* I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. [*Exit.*

*Enter* FLAVIUS *in a cloak, muffled.*

*Luc. Serv.* Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

*Tit.* Do you hear, sir?

*Both Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir,—

*Flav.* What do ye ask of me, my friends?

*Tit.* We wait for certain money here, sir.

*Flav.* Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th' interest into their gluttonous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but this answer will not serve.

*Flav.* If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [*Exit.*

*First Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashiered worship mutter?

*Sec. Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

*Enter* SERVILIUS.

*Tit.* O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

*Servil.* If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from't; for, take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent: his comfortable temper has forsook him; he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

*Luc. Serv.* Many do keep their chambers are not sick:
And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

*Servil.* Good gods!

*Tit.* We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

*Flam.* [*within*] Servilius, help! — My lord! my lord!

*Enter* TIMON, *in a rage;* FLAMINIUS *following.*

*Tim.* What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart ?

*Luc. Serv.* Put in now, Titus.

*Tit.* My lord, here is my bill.

*Luc. Serv.* Here's mine.

*Hor. Serv.* And mine, my lord.

*Both Var. Serv.* And ours, my lord.

*Phi.* All our bills.

*Tim.* Knock me down with 'em : cleave me to the girdle.

*Luc. Serv.* Alas, my lord,—

*Tim.* Cut my heart in sums.

*Tit.* Mine, fifty talents.

*Tim.* Tell out my blood.

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand crowns, my lord.

*Tim.* Five thousand drops pays that.—What yours ? — and yours ?

*First Var Serv.* My lord,—

*Sec. Var Serv.* My lord,—

*Tim.* Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you ! [*Exit.*

*Hor.* Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money : these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

*Tim.* They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves. Creditors ! — devils.

*Flav.* My dear lord,—

*Tim.* What if it should be so ?

*Flav.* My lord,—

*Tim.* I'll have it so.— My steward !

*Flav.* Here, my lord.

*Tim.* So fitly ? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius ; all :
I'll once more feast the rascals.

*Flav.* O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul ;
There is not so much left to furnish out
A moderate table.

*Tim.* Be't not in thy care ; go,
I charge thee, invite them all : let in the tide
Of knaves once more ; my cook and I'll provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. The senate-house.*

*The Senate sitting.*

*First Sen.* My lords, you have my voice to it; the fault's
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
*Sec. Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

*Enter* ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

*Alcib.* Honor, health, and compassion to the senate!
*First Sen.* Now, captain?
*Alcib.* I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into't.
He is a man, setting his fault aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice,
An honor in him which buys out his fault;
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.
*First Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labor'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set
Quarreling upon the head of valor; which
Indeed is valor misbegot, and came
Into the world when sects and factions
Were newly born:
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs
His outsides,— to wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!
*Alcib.* My lords,—
*First Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear
To revenge is no valor, but to bear.
*Alcib.* My lords, then, under favor, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain:—
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valor in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why, then, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And the ass more captain than the lion; the felon
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defense, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.
*Sec. Sen.* You breathe in vain.
*Alcib.* In vain! his service done
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium
Were a sufficient briber for his life.
*First Sen.* What's that?
*Alcib.* Why, I say, my lords, 'has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valor did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!
*Sec. Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em, he
Is a sworn rioter: he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valor prisoner:
If there were no more foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages
And cherish factions: 'tis inferr'd to us
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.
*First Sen.* He dies.

*Alcib.* Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,—
Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none,— yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honors to you, upon his good return.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.
*First Sen.* We are for law,— he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.
*Alcib.* Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.
*Sec. Sen.* How!
*Alcib.* Call me to your remembrances.
*Third Sen.* What!
*Alcib.* I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be I should prove so base
To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.
*First Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.
*Alcib.* Banish me!
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.
*First Sen.* If after two days' shine Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*
*Alcib.* Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself
Rich only in large hurts; all those for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Ha, banishment!

It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honor with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A magnificent room in* TIMON'S *house.*

*Music. Tables set out:* Servants *attending. Enter, at several doors, divers* Lords,— LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS,— Senators, &c.; *and* VENTIDIUS.

*First Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

*Sec. Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think this honorable lord did but try us this other day.

*First Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

*Sec. Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

*First Lord.* I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

*Sec. Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

*First Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

*Sec. Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

*First Lord.* A thousand pieces.

*Sec. Lord.* A thousand pieces!

*First Lord.* What of you?

*Sec. Lord.* He sent to me, sir,— Here he comes.

*Enter* TIMON *and* Attendants.

*Tim.* With all my heart, gentlemen both:— and how fare you?

*First Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

*Sec. Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

*Tim.* [*aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.— Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly. O, the trumpets sound; we shall to't presently.

*First Lord.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

*Tim.* O, sir, let it not trouble you.

*Sec. Lord.* My noble lord,—

*Tim.* Ah, my good friend,— what cheer?

*Sec. Lord.* My most honorable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

*Tim.* Think not on't, sir.

*Sec. Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,—

*Tim.* Let it not cumber your better remembrance.— Come, bring in all together. [*The banquet brought in.*

*Sec. Lord.* All covered dishes!

*First Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

*Third Lord.* Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

*First Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

*Third Lord.* Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

*First and Sec. Lord.* Alcibiades banished!

*Third Lord.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

*First Lord.* How! how!

*Sec. Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

*Tim.* My worthy friends, will you draw near?

*Third Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

*Sec. Lord.* This is the old man still.

*Third Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?

*Sec. Lord.* It does: but time will — and so—

*Third Lord.* I do conceive.

*Tim.* Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere

we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.—

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be — as they are. The rest of your foes, O gods,— the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,— what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,— as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.— Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes are uncovered, and seen to be full of warm water.*

*Some speak.* What does his lordship mean?
*Some other.* I know not.
*Tim.* May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who, stuck and spangled with your flattery,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
[*Thowing the water in their faces.*
Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite maladies
Crust you quite o'er! — What, dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first,— thou too,— and thou; —
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity! [*Exit.*

*Re-enter the Company.*

*First Lord.* How now, my lords!

*Sec. Lord.* Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

*Third Lord.* Push! did you see my cap?

*Fourth Lord.* I have lost my gown.

*First Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and naught but humor sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat: — did you see my jewel?

*Third Lord.* Did you see my cap?

*Sec. Lord.* Here 'tis.

*Fourth Lord.* Here lies my gown.

*First Lord.* Let's make no stay.

*Sec. Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

*Third Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

*Fourth Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *Without the walls of Athens.*

*Enter* TIMON.

*Tim.* Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o' th' instant, green virginity,—
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound-servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law: maid, to thy master's bed,—
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighborhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,

Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live! — Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all th' Athenian bosoms: and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee
But nakedness, thou détestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
Th' unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound — hear me, you good gods all —
Th' Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Athens. A room in* TIMON'S *house.*

*Enter* FLAVIUS, *with two or three* Servants.

*First Serv.* Hear you, master steward,— where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

*Flav.* Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

*First Serv.* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fall'n! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

*Sec. Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars from his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,

Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.— More of our fellows.

*Enter other* Servants.

*Flav.* All broken implements of a ruin'd house.
*Third Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,–
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.
*Flav.* Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
"We have seen better days." Let each take some;
[*Giving them money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*Servants embrace, and part several ways.*
O the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or so live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who, then, dares to be half so kind agen?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,— bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched,— thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:

I'll ever serve his mind with my best will ;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The woods. Before* TIMON'S *cave.*

*Enter* TIMON.

*Tim.* O blessèd-breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity ; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air ! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,— touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser : not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord ;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honor.
It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, "This man's a flatterer"? if one be,
So are they all ; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below : the learnèd pate
Ducks to the golden fool : all is oblique ;
There's nothing level in our cursèd natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men !
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains :
Destruction fang mankind ! — Earth, yield me roots !
[*Digging.*
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison ! — What is here ?
Gold ? yellow, glittering, precious gold ? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist : roots, you clear heavens !
Thus much of this will make black, white ; foul, fair ;
Wrong, right ; base, noble ; old, young ; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods ! why this ? what this, you gods ? Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides ;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads :
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions ; bless th' accurs'd ;

Make the hoar leprosy ador'd ; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench : this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again ;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To th' April day again. Come, damnèd earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.— [*March within.*] Ha ! a drum ? —
Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee : thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand : —
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

*Enter* ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner ;* PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.

*Alcib.* What are thou there ?
Speak.
*Tim.* A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man !
*Alcib.* What is thy name ? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man ?
*Tim.* I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.
*Alcib.* I know thee well ;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.
*Tim.* I know thee too ; and more than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum ;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules :
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel ;
Then what should war be ? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.
*Phry.* Thy lips rot off !
*Tim.* I will not kiss thee ; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
*Alcib.* How came the noble Timon to this change ?
*Tim.* As the moon does, by wanting light to give :

But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.
*Alcib.* Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?
*Tim.* None, but to
Maintain my opinion.
*Alcib.* What is it, Timon?
*Tim.* Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!
*Alcib.* I've heard in some sort of thy miseries.
*Tim.* Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.
*Alcib.* I see them now; then was a blessèd time.
*Tim.* As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
*Timan.* Is this th' Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?
*Tim.* Art thou Timandra?
*Timan.* Yes.
*Tim.* Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheek'd youth to
The tub-fast and the diet.
*Timan.* Hang thee, monster!
*Alcib.* Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I've heard, and griev'd,
How cursèd Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbor states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—
*Tim.* I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
*Alcib.* I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.
*Tim.* How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.
*Alcib.* Why, fare thee well:
Here's some gold for thee.
*Tim.* Keep't, I cannot eat it.
*Alcib.* When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—
*Tim.* Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

*Alcib.* Ay, Timon, and have cause.
*Tim.* The gods confound them all in thy conquest; and
Thee after, when thou'st conquer'd!
*Alcib.* Why me, Timon?
*Tim.* That, by killing of villains, thou wast born to conquer
My country.
Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honor'd age for his white beard,—
He is an usurer; strike me the counterfeit matron,—
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set down horrible traitors: spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;
Put armor on thine ears and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.
*Alcib.* Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.
*Tim.* Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!
*Phr. and Timan.* Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?
*Tim.* Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
Th' immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats; yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

*Phr. and Timan.* Well, more gold:—what then?—
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

*Tim.* Consumption sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

*Phr. and Timan.* More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

*Tim.* More whore, more mischief first; I've given you earnest.

*Alcib.* Strike up the drum towards Athens!—Farewell, Timon:
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

*Tim.* If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

*Alcib.* I never did thee harm.

*Tim.* Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

*Alcib.* Call'st thou that harm?

*Tim.* Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
Thy beagles with thee.

*Alcib.* We but offend him.— Strike!
[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Timandra.*

*Tim.* That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! — Common mother, thou, [*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all! whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all th' abhorrèd births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented! — O, a root,— dear thanks! —
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plow-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips! —

*Enter* APEMANTUS.

More man? plague, plague!

*Apem.* I was directed hither: men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

*Tim.* 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog,
Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!

*Apem.* This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,

Blow off thy cap ; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent ; thou wast told thus ;
Thou gav'st thine ears like tapsters that bid welcome
To knaves and all approachers : 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal ; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.
*Tim.* Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.
*Apem.* Thou'st cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm ? will these moss'd trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip where thou point'st out ? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit ? Call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven ; whose bare unhousèd trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,— bid them flatter thee ;
O, thou shalt find —
*Tim.* A fool of thee : depart.
*Apem.* I love thee better now than e'er I did.
*Tim.* I hate thee worse.
*Apem.* Why ?
*Tim.* Thou flatter'st misery
*Apem.* I flatter not ; but say thou art a caitiff.
*Tim.* Why dost thou seek me out ?
*Apem.* To vex thee.
*Tim.* Always a villain's office or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't ?
*Apem.* Ay.
*Tim.* What ! a knave too ?
*Apem.* If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well : but thou
Dost it enforcedly : thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before :
The one is filling still, never complete ;
The other, at high wish : best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

*Tim.* Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favor never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows; — I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse,— thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone! —
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

*Apem.* Art thou proud yet?

*Tim.* Ay, that I am not thee.

*Apem.* I, that I was
No prodigal.

*Tim.* I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Gnawing a root.*

*Apem.* Here; I'll mend thy feast.
[*Offering him something.*

*Tim.* First mend my company, take away thyself.

*Apem.* So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

*Tim.* 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd ;
If not, I would it were.

*Apem.* What wouldst thou have to Athens ?

*Tim.* Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold ; look, so I have.

*Apem.* Here is no use for gold.

*Tim.* The best and truest ;
For here it sleeps, and does no hirèd harm.

*Apem.* Where ly'st o' nights, Timon ?

*Tim.* Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus ?

*Apem.* Where my stomach finds meat ; or, rather, where I eat it.

*Tim.* Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind !

*Apem.* Where wouldst thou send it ?

*Tim.* To sauce thy dishes.

*Apem.* The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends : when thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume they mocked thee for too much curiosity ; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee ; eat it.

*Tim.* On what I hate I feed not.

*Apem.* Dost hate a medlar ?

*Tim.* Ay, though it look like thee.

*Apem.* An th' hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means ?

*Tim.* Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved ?

*Apem.* Myself.

*Tim.* I understand thee ; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

*Apem.* What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers ?

*Tim.* Women nearest ; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power ?

*Apem.* Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

*Tim.* Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts ?

*Apem.* Ay, Timon.

*Tim.* A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dullness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion, and thy defense absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

*Apem.* If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

*Tim.* How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

*Apem.* Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

*Tim.* When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

*Apem.* Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

*Tim.* Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

*Apem.* A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse!

*Tim.* All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

*Apem.* There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

*Tim.* If I name thee.—
I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

*Apem.* I would my tongue could rot them off!

*Tim.* Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

*Apem.* Would thou wouldst burst!
*Tim.* Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I'm sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*
*Apem.* Beast!
*Tim.* Slave!
*Apem.* Toad!
*Tim.* Rogue, rogue, rogue!
[*Apemantus retreats backward, as going.*
I'm sick of this false world; and will love naught
But even the mere necessities upon't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!
*Apem.* [*coming forward*] Would 'twere so! —
But not till I am dead.— I'll say thou'st gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.
*Tim.* Throng'd to!
*Apem.* Ay.
*Tim.* Thy back, I prithee.
*Apem.* Live, and love thy misery!
*Tim.* Long live so, and so die! [*Exit Apemantus.*] I am quit.—
More things like men? — Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

*Enter* Banditti.

*First Ban.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder:

the mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

*Sec Ban.* It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

*Third Ban.* Let us make the assay upon him : if he care not for't, he will supply us easily ; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it ?

*Sec. Ban.* True ; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

*First Ban.* Is not this he ?

*Banditti.* Where ?

*Sec Ban.* 'Tis his description.

*Third Ban.* He ; I know him.

*Banditti.* Save thee, Timon.

*Tim.* Now, thieves ?

*Banditti.* Soldiers, not thieves.

*Tim.* Both too ; and women's sons.

*Banditti.* We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

*Tim.* Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.
Why should you want ? Behold, the earth hath roots ;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs ;
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips ;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want ! why want ?

*First Ban.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts and birds and fishes.

*Tim.* Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes ;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess'd ; that you work not
In holier shapes : for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so scape hanging : trust not the physician ;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob : take wealth and lives together ;
Do villainy, do, since you protest to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery :
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea ; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun :

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears : the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n
From general excrement : each thing's a thief :
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves : away,
Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut throats ;
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go :
Break open shops ; nothing can you steal, but thieves
Do lose it : steal not less for this I give you ;
And gold confound you howsoe'er! Amen.

[*Timon retires to his cave.*

*Third Ban.* 'Has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

*First Ban.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us ; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

*Sec. Ban.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

*First Ban.* Let us first see peace in Athens : there is no time so miserable but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Banditti.*

*Enter* FLAVIUS.

*Flav.* O you gods !
Is yond despis'd and ruinous man my lord ?
Full of decay and failing ?
O monument and wonder of good deeds
Evilly bestow'd !
What an alteration of honor
Has desperate want made !
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends !
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies !
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that do ! —
'Has caught me in his eye : I will present
My honest grief unto him ; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.

TIMON *comes forward from his cave.*

My dearest master !

*Tim.* Away! what art thou?
*Flav.* Have you forgot me, sir?
*Tim.* Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt man, I have forgot thee.
*Flav.* An honest poor servant of yours.
*Tim.* Then I know thee not:
I ne'er had honest man about me, I;
All I kept were knaves, to serve-in meat to villains.
*Flav.* The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.
*Tim.* What, dost thou weep? — come nearer; — then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!
*Flav.* I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
T' accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.
*Tim.* Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,— mistake me not,— but one;
No more, I pray,— and he's a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind!
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,—
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,—
Is not thy kindness subtle-covetous,
If not a usuring kindness, and, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

*Flav.* No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatchèd mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honor'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish,— that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.
*Tim.* Look thee, 'tis so! — Thou singly honest man,
Here, take: — the gods, out of my misery,
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy,
But thus condition'd: — thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all; show charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing: be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.
*Flav.* O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.
*Tim.* If thou hat'st
Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou'rt blessed and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.
[*Exit Flavius. Timon retires to his cave.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *The woods. Before* TIMON'S *cave.*

*Enter* Poet *and* Painter; TIMON *watching them from his cave.*

*Pain.* As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

*Poet.* What's to be thought of him? does the rumor hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

*Pain.* Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor

straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

*Poet.* Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

*Pain.* Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

*Poet.* What have you now to present unto him?

*Pain.* Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

*Poet.* I must serve him so too,— tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

*Pain.* Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

[*Timon advances a little.*

*Tim.* [*aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

*Poet.* I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

*Tim.* [*aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men?
Do so, I have gold for thee.

*Poet.* Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

*Pain.* True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

*Tim.* [*aside*] I'll meet you at the turn.— What a god's gold,

That he is worship'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plow'st the foam;
Settlest admirèd reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!—
Fit I meet them. [*Comes forward.*

*Poet.* Hail, worthy Timon!

*Pain.* Our late noble master!

*Tim.* Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

*Poet.* Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures — O abhorrèd spirits!—
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough —
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! — I'm rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

*Tim.* Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

*Pain.* He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

*Tim.* Ay, you're honest men.

*Pain.* We're hither come to offer you our service.

*Tim.* Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

*Both.* What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

*Tim.* Ye're honest men: ye've heard that I have gold;
I'm sure you have: speak truth; ye're honest men.

*Pain.* So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.

*Tim.* Good honest men! — Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou'rt, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

*Pain.* So, so, my lord.

*Tim.* E'en so, sir, as I say.— And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,

That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault :
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you ; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

*Both.* Beseech your honor
To make it known to us.

*Tim.* You'll take it ill.

*Both.* Most thankfully, my lord.

*Tim.* Will you, indeed ?

*Both.* Doubt it not, worthy lord.

*Tim.* There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

*Both.* Do we, my lord ?

*Tim.* Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom : yet remain assur'd
That he's a made-up villain.

*Pain.* I know none such, my lord.

*Poet.* Nor I.

*Tim.* Look you, I love you well ; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies :
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

*Both.* Name them, my lord, let's know them.

*Tim.* You that way, and you this,— but two in company :
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
[*To the Pain.*] If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
Come not near him.—[*To the Poet*] If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence, pack ! there's gold,— you came for gold, ye slaves :
[*To the Pain.*] You have done work for me, there's payment : hence ! —
[*To the Poet*] You are an alchemist, make gold of that :—
Out, rascal dogs !

[*Beats and drives them out, and then retires to his cave.*

*Enter* FLAVIUS *and two* Senators.

*Flav.* It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.
*First Sen.* Bring us to his cave:
It is our pact and promise to th' Athenians
To speak with Timon.
*Sec. Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.
*Flav.* Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: th' Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

TIMON *comes from his cave.*

*Tim.* Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!
*First Sen.* Worthy Timon,—
*Tim.* Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.
*First Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.
*Tim.* I thank them; and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.
*First Sen.* O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.
*Sec. Sen.* They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general-gross:
And now the public body,—which doth seldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offense can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.
*Tim.* You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.
*First Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens—thine and ours—to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.
*Sec. Sen.* And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.
*First Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—
*Tim.* Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly agèd men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then let him know,—and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our agèd and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.
*Flav.* Stay not, all's in vain.

*Tim.* Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!
*First Sen.* We speak in vain.
*Tim.* But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.
*First Sen.* That's well spoke.
*Tim.* Commend me to my loving countrymen,—
*First Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass thorough them.
*Sec. Sen.* And enter in our ears like great triúmphers
In their applauding gates.
*Tim.* Commend me to them;
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their achès, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will
Some kindness do them,— I'll teach them to prevent
Wild Alcibiades' wrath.
*First Sen.* I like this well: he will return again.
*Tim.* I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the ax,
And hang himself: — I pray you, do my greeting.
*Flav.* Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find him.
*Tim.* Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beachèd verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossèd froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:

What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
[*Retires to his cave.*

*First Sen.* His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

*Sec Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

*First Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before the walls of Athens.*

*Enter two* Senators *and a* Messenger.

*First Sen.* Thou'st painfully discover'd: are his files
As full as thy report?

*Mess.* I've spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

*Sec. Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

*Mess.* I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love had a particular force,
And made us speak like friends: — this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

*First Sen.* Here come our brothers.

*Enter* Senators *from* TIMON.

*Third Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemy's drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: in, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The woods.* TIMON'S *cave, and a rude tomb seen.*

*Enter a* Soldier, *seeking* TIMON.

*Sold.* By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho! — No answer? — What is this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span :
Some beast rear'd this ; here does not live a man.
Dead ; sure, and this his grave.—
What's on this tomb I cannot read ; the character
I'll take with wax :
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days :
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Before the walls of Athens.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter* ALCIBIADES *and* Forces.

*Alcib.* Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

*Enter* Senators *on the walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice ; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly : now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, " No more : " now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease ;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.
*First Sen.* Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee ; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitudes with loves
Above their quantity.
*Sec. Sen.* So did we woo
Transformèd Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promis'd means :
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.
*First Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs ; nor are they such

That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.
*Sec. Sen.* Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess,
Hath broke their hearts. March, nóble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithèd death,—
If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loathes,—take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.
*First Sen.* All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.
*Sec. Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to't with thy sword.
*First Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.
*Sec. Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any tóken of thine honor else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbor in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.
*Alcib.* Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your unchargèd ports:
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and — to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning — not a man

Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

*Senators.* 'Tis most nobly spoken.

*Alcib.* Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*

*Enter a* Soldier.

*Sold.* My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

*Alcib.* [*reads*] "Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait."
These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brains' flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon: of whose memory
Hereafter more.— Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|---|---|
| MARK ANTONY, OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, | triumvirs. |
| SEXTUS POMPEIUS. | |
| DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, VENTIDIUS, EROS, SCARUS, DERCETAS, DEMETRIUS, PHILO, | friends to Antony. |
| MECÆNAS, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, PROCULEIUS, THYREUS, GALLUS, | friends to Cæsar. |
| MENAS, MENECRATES, VARRIUS, | friends to Pompey. |

TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar.
CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony.
SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army.
EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES, attendants on Cleopatra.
A Soothsayer.
A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, queen of Egypt.
OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar and wife to Antony.
CHARMIAN, IRAS, } attendants on Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—*In several parts of the Roman empire.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Alexandria A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

*Enter* DEMETRIUS *and* PHILO.

*Phi.* Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars', now bend, now turn,

The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gypsy's lust. [*Flourish within.*] Look where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

*Enter* ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, *with their Train;* Eunuchs *fanning her.*

*Cleo.* If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
*Ant.* There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
*Cleo.* I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.
*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

*Enter an* Attendant.

*Att.* News, my good lord, from Rome.
*Ant.* Grates me: — the sum.
*Cleo.* Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee."
*Ant.* How, my love!
*Cleo.* Perchance! nay, and most like: —
You must not stay here longer,— your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say? — both? —
Call in the messengers.— As I'm Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.— The messengers!
*Ant.* Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life

Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair [*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.
*Cleo.* Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.
*Ant.* But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now:—what sport to-night?
*Cleo.* Hear the ambassadors.
*Ant.* Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes,—to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger; but thine, and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—speak not to us.
[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleo. with their Train.*
*Dem.* Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?
*Phi.* Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.
*Dem.* I'm full sorry
That he proves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter* CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a* Soothsayer.

*Char.* Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!
*Alex.* Soothsayer.—
*Sooth.* Your will?

*Char.* Is this the man? — Is't you, sir, that know things?

*Sooth.* In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

*Alex.* Show him your hand.

*Enter* ENOBARBUS.

*Eno.* Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough Cleopatra's health to drink.

*Char.* Good sir, give me good fortune.

*Sooth.* I make not, but foresee.

*Char.* Pray, then, foresee me one.

*Sooth.* You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

*Char.* He means in flesh.

*Iras.* No, you shall paint when you are old.

*Char.* Wrinkles forbid!

*Alex.* Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

*Char.* Hush!

*Sooth.* You shall be more beloving than belov'd.

*Char.* I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

*Alex.* Nay, hear him.

*Char.* Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

*Sooth.* You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

*Char.* O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

*Sooth.* You've seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

*Char.* Then belike my children shall have no names: — prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

*Sooth.* If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

*Char.* Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

*Alex.* You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

*Char.* Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

*Alex.* We'll know all our fortunes.

*Eno.* Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be — drunk to bed.

*Iras.* There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

*Char.* E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

*Iras.* Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

*Char.* Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.— Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

*Sooth.* Your fortunes are alike.

*Iras.* But how, but how? give me particulars.

*Sooth.* I have said.

*Iras.* Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

*Char.* Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

*Iras.* Not in my husband's nose.

*Char.* Our worser thoughts heavens mend!— Alexas,— come, his fortune, his fortune!— O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

*Iras.* Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

*Char.* Amen.

*Alex.* Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd do't!

*Eno.* Hush! here comes Antony.

*Char.* Not he; the queen.

*Enter* CLEOPATRA.

*Cleo.* Saw you my lord?

*Eno.* No, lady.

*Cleo.* Was he not here?

*Char.* No, madam.

*Cleo.* He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.— Enobarbus,—

*Eno.* Madam?

*Cleo.* Seek him, and bring him hither.— Where's Alexas?

*Alex.* Here, at your service. —My lord approaches.
*Cleo.* We will not look upon him : go with us. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* ANTONY *with a* Messenger *and* Attendants.

*Mess.* Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.
*Ant.* Against my brother Lucius?
*Mess.* Ay :
But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their forces 'gainst Cæsar ;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.
*Ant.* Well, what worst?
*Mess.* The nature of bad news infects the teller.
*Ant.* When it concerns the fool or coward.— On : —
Things that are past are done with me.— 'Tis thus ;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.
*Mess.* Labienus —
This is stiff news — hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates ;
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia ;
Whilst —
*Ant.* Antony, thou wouldst say,—
*Mess.* O, my lord !
*Ant.* Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue :
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome ;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase ; and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick minds lie still ; and our ills told us
Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.
*Mess.* At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*
*Ant.* From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!
*First Att.* The man from Sicyon,—is there such an one?
*Sec. Att.* He stays upon your will.
*Ant.* Let him appear.—
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

*Enter another* Messenger.

What are you?

*Sec. Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.
*Ant.* Where died she?
*Sec. Mess.* In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*
*Ant.* Forbear me. [*Exit Sec. Mess.*
There's a great spirit gone! Thus died I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off:
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—Ho, Enobarbus!

*Re-enter* ENOBARBUS.

*Eno.* What's your pleasure, sir?
*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.
*Eno.* Why, then, we kill all our women: we see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.
*Ant.* I must be gone.
*Eno.* Under a compelling occasion, let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.
*Ant.* She is cunning past man's thought.
*Eno.* Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.
*Ant.* Would I had never seen her!
*Eno.* O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal would have discredited your travel.

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.
*Eno.* Sir?
*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.
*Eno.* Fulvia!
*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat: — and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

*Ant.* The business she hath broachèd in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

*Eno.* And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

*Ant.* No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people —
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past — begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger: much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

*Eno.* I shall do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

*Cleo.* Where is he?
*Char.* I did not see him since.
*Cleo.* See where he is, who's with him, what he does: —
I did not send you: — if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.
[*Exit Alexas.*
*Char.* Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
*Cleo.* What should I do, I do not?
*Char.* In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.
*Cleo.* Thou teachest like a fool,— the way to lose him.
*Char.* Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:
In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.
*Cleo.* I'm sick and sullen.

*Enter* ANTONY.

*Ant.* I'm sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—
*Cleo.* Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.
*Ant.* Now, my dearest queen,—
*Cleo.* Pray you, stand further from me.
*Ant.* What's the matter?
*Cleo.* I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the married woman? — You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,—
I have no power upon you; hers you are.
*Ant.* The gods best know,—
*Cleo.* O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.
*Ant.* Cleopatra,—
*Cleo.* Why should I think you can be mine and true,

Though you in swearing shake the thronèd gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows
Which break themselves in swearing!

*Ant.* Most sweet queen,

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, seek no color for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you su'd staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

*Ant.* How now, lady!

*Cleo.* I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

*Ant.* Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honor, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: my more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

*Cleo.* Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness:—can Fulvia die?

*Ant.* She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best:
See when and where she died.

*Cleo.* O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill

With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.
*Ant.* Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: by the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war
As thou affect'st.
*Cleo.* Cut my lace, Charmian, come; —
But let it be: — I'm quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.
*Ant.* My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honorable trial.
*Cleo.* So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honor.
*Ant.* You'll heat my blood: no more.
*Cleo.* You can do better yet; but this is meetly.
*Ant.* Now, by my sword,—
*Cleo.* And target.— Still he mends;
But this is not the best: — look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.
*Ant.* I'll leave you, lady.
*Cleo.* Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,— but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,— but there's not it;
That you know well: something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.
*Ant.* But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.
*Cleo.* 'Tis sweating labor
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: your honor calls you hence;

Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

*Ant.* Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Rome. An apartment in* CÆSAR'S *house.*

*Enter* OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, *and* Attendants.

*Cæs.* You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
[*Giving him a letter.*
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor: from Alexandria
This is the news: — he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: you shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

*Lep.* I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

*Cæs.* You're too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes him,—
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,— yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,

Call on him for't: but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours,— 'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Lep.* Here's more news.
*Mess.* Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.
*Cæs.* I should have known no less:
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.
*Mess.* Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.
*Cæs.* Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this —
It wounds thine honor that I speak it now —
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.
*Lep.* It is pity of him.
*Cæs.* Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.
*Lep.* To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.
*Cæs.* Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.
*Lep.* Farewell, my lord; what you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.
*Cæs.* Doubt not, sir;
I know it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Alexandria. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

*Cleo.* Charmian,—
*Char.* Madam?
*Cleo.* Ha, ha!—
Give me to drink mandragora.
*Char.* Why, madam?
*Cleo.* That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.
*Char.* You think of him too much.
*Cleo.* O, 'tis treason!
*Char.* Madam, I trust, not so.
*Cleo.* Thou, eunuch Mardian!

*Mar.* What's your highness' pleasure?
*Cleo.* Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
*Mar.* Yes, gracious madam.
*Cleo.* Indeed!
*Mar.* Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.
*Cleo.* O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wott'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.— He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"
For so he calls me:—now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:— think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

*Enter* ALEXAS.

*Alex.* Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
*Cleo.* How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
*Alex.* Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd — the last of many doubled kisses —
This orient pearl:— his speech sticks in my heart.
*Cleo.* Mine ear must pluck it thence.
*Alex.* "Good friend," quoth he,
"Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends

This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the pretty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

*Cleo.* What, was he sad or merry?

*Alex.* Like to the time o' th' year between th' extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

*Cleo.* O well-divided disposition! — Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad,— for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,—
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
O heavenly mingle! — Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else.— Mett'st thou my posts?

*Alex.* Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?

*Cleo.* Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony
Shall die a beggar.— Ink and paper, Charmian.–
Welcome, my good Alexas.— Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

*Char.* O that brave Cæsar!

*Cleo.* Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

*Char.* The valiant Cæsar!

*Cleo.* By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

*Char.* By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

*Cleo.* My salad days,
When I was green in judgment: — cold in blood,
To say as I said then! — But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*

# ACT II.

## SCENE I. *Messina. A room in* POMPEY'S *house.*

*Enter* POMPEY, MENECRATES, *and* MENAS.

*Pom.* If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
*Mene.* Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
*Pom.* Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
*Mene.* We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
*Pom.* I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where
He loses heart: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
*Men.* Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.
*Pom.* Where have you this? 'tis false.
*Men.* From Silvius, sir
*Pom.* He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicúrean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honor
Even till a Lethe'd dullness!

*Enter* VARRIUS.

How now, Varrius!
*Var.* This is most certain that I shall deliver:—
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome

Expected : since he went from Egypt 'tis
A space for further travel.
*Pom.* I could have given less matter
A better ear.— Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war : his soldiership
Is twice the other twain : but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.
*Men.* I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together :
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar ;
His brother warr'd upon him ; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.
*Pom.* I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertainèd cause enough
To draw their swords : but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't as our gods will have't ! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rome. A room in the house of* LEPIDUS.

*Enter* ENOBARBUS *and* LEPIDUS.

*Lep.* Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, t' entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.
*Eno.* I shall entreat him
To answer like himself : if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day.
*Lep.* 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

*Eno.* Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.
*Lep.* But small to greater matters must give way.
*Eno.* Not if the small come first.
*Lep.* Your speech is passion
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

*Enter* ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

*Eno.* And yonder, Cæsar.

*Enter* CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

*Ant.* If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark ye, Ventidius.
*Cæs.* I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.
*Lep.* Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: then, noble partners,—
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,—
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.
*Ant.* 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.
*Cæs.* Welcome to Rome.
*Ant.* Thank you.
*Cæs.* Sit.
*Ant.* Sit, sir.
*Cæs.* Nay, then
*Ant.* I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.
*Cæs.* I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

*Ant.* My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?
*Cæs.* No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practice on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.
*Ant.* How intend you, practic'd?
*Cæs.* You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.
*Ant.* You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you've not to make it with,
It must not be with this.
*Cæs.* You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.
*Ant.* Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I'm certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.
*Eno.* Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!
*Ant.* So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience,— which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,— I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must
But say, I could not help it.
*Cæs.* I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you

Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.
*Ant.* Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but next day
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.
*Cæs.* You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.
*Lep.* Soft, Cæsar!
*Ant.* No,
Lepidus, let him speak:
The honor is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it.— But, on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath.
*Cæs.* To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them;
The which you both denied.
*Ant.* Neglected, rather;
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honor
To stoop in such a case.
*Lep.* 'Tis noble spoken.
*Mec.* If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.
*Lep.* Worthily spoken, Mecænas.
*Eno.* Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.
*Ant.* Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

*Eno.* That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.
*Ant.* You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.
*Eno.* Go to, then; your considerate stone.
*Cæs.* I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.
*Agr.* Give me leave, Cæsar,—
*Cæs.* Speak, Agrippa.
*Agr.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.
*Cæs.* Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.
*Ant.* I am not married, Cæsar, let me hear
Agrippa further speak.
*Agr.* To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.
*Ant.* Will Cæsar speak?
*Cæs.* Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.
*Ant.* What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so,"
To make this good?

*Cæs.* The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

*Ant.* May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment! — Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!

*Cæs.* There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

*Lep.* Happily, amen!

*Ant.* I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me; I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

*Lep.* Time calls upon's:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

*Ant.* Where lies he?

*Cæs.* About the Mount Misenum.

*Ant.* What's his strength
By land?

*Cæs.* Great and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

*Ant.* So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

*Cæs.* With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

*Ant.* Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

*Lep.* Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*

*Mec.* Welcome from Egypt, sir.

*Eno.* Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas! — My honorable friend, Agrippa! —

*Agr.* Good Enobarbus!

*Mec.* We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stayed well by't in Egypt.

*Eno.* Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

*Mec.* Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

*Eno.* This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

*Mec.* She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

*Eno.* When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

*Agr.* There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.

*Eno.* I will tell you.
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumèd that
The winds were love-sick with them; th' oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion — cloth-of-gold of tissue —
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-color'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

*Agr.* O, rare for Antony!

*Eno.* Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,

That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible pérfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

*Agr.* Rare Egyptian!

*Eno.* Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

*Agr.* Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed:
He plow'd her, and she cropp'd.

*Eno.* I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

*Mec.* Now Antony must leave her utterly.

*Eno.* Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

*Mec.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessèd lottery to him.

*Agr.* Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

*Eno.* Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in* CÆSAR'S *house.*

*Enter* ANTONY, CÆSAR, OCTAVIA *between them ; and* Attendants.

*Ant.* The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
*Octa.* All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.
*Ant.* Good night, sir.— My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square ; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
*Octa.* Good night, sir.
*Cæs.* Good night. [*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*

*Enter* Soothsayer.

*Ant.* Now, sirrah,— you do wish yourself in Egypt?
*Sooth.* Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!
*Ant.* If you can, your reason?
*Sooth.* I see it in my motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet hie you to Egypt again.
*Ant.* Say to me
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?
*Sooth.* Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not ; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd : therefore
Make space enough between you.
*Ant.* Speak this no more.
*Sooth.* To none but thee ; no more, but when to thee
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou'rt sure to lose ; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy luster thickens,
When he shines by : I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him ;
But he away, 'tis noble.
*Ant.* Get thee gone :
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him : —
[*Exit Soothsayer.*

He shall to Parthia.— Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to naught; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' th' east my pleasure lies.

*Enter* VENTIDIUS.

O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

*Enter* LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

*Lep.* Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.
*Agr.* Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.
*Lep.* Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
*Mec.* We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.
*Lep.* Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You'll win two days upon me.
*Mec., Agr.* Sir, good success!
*Lep.* Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Alexandria. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

*Cleo.* Give me some music,— music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
*Attend.* The music, ho!

*Enter* MARDIAN.

*Cleo.* Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Charmian.

*Char.* My arm is sore ; best play with Mardian.
*Cleo.* As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman.— Come, you'll play with me, sir ?
*Mar.* As well as I can, madam.
*Cleo.* And when good will is show'd, though't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now :—
Give me mine angle,— we'll to the river ; there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes ; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, " Ah, ha ! you're caught."
*Char.* 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling ; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
*Cleo.* That time,— O times ! —
I laugh'd him out of patience ; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience : and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed ;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

*Enter a* Messenger.

O, from Italy ! —
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
*Mess.* Madam, madam,—
*Cleo.* Antony's dead ! — if thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress : but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss,— a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.
*Mess.* First, madam, he is well.
*Cleo.* Why, there's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well : bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
*Mess* Good madam, hear me.
*Cleo.* Well, go to, I will ;

But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful, why so tart a favor
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

*Mess.* Will't please you hear me?

*Cleo.* I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

*Mess.* Madam, he's well.

*Cleo.* Well said.

*Mess.* And friends with Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Thou'rt an honest man.

*Mess.* Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

*Cleo.* Make thee a fortune from me.

*Mess.* But yet, madam,—

*Cleo.* I do not like "But yet," it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon "But yet"!
"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.

*Mess.* Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

*Cleo.* For what good turn?

*Mess.* For the best turn i' the bed.

*Cleo.* I am pale, Charmian.

*Mess.* Madam, he's married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*

*Mess.* Good madam, patience.

*Cleo.* What say you?—Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

*Mess.* Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.
*Cleo.* Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.
*Mess.* He's married, madam.
*Cleo.* Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.
[*Draws a knife.*
*Mess.* Nay, then I'll run.—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*
*Char.* Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innocent.
*Cleo.* Some innocents scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again:—
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—call.
*Char.* He is afeard to come.
*Cleo.* I will not hurt him.
[*Exit Charmian.*
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.

*Re-enter* CHARMIAN *and* Messenger.

Come hither, sir.
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.
*Mess.* I've done my duty.
*Cleo.* Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say "Yes."
*Mess.* He's married, madam.
*Cleo.* The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?
*Mess.* Should I lie, madam?
*Cleo.* O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence:

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?
*Mess.* I crave your highness' pardon.
*Cleo.* He is married?
*Mess.* Take no offense that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.
*Cleo.* O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of! — Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*
*Char.* Good your highness, patience.
*Cleo.* In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.
*Char.* Many times, madam.
*Cleo.* I am paid for't now.
Lead me from hence;
I faint: — O Iras, Charmian! —'tis no matter. —
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The color of her hair: — bring me word quickly.
[*Exit Alexas.*
Let him for ever go: — let him not — Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way's a Mars. — [*To Mardian*] Bid you Alexas
Bring me word how tall she is. — Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me. — Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI. *Near Misenum.*

*Flourish. Enter* POMPEY *and* MENAS *from one side, with drum and trumpet: from the other,* CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, *with* Soldiers *marching.*

*Pom.* Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
*Cæs.* Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;

Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.
*Pom.* To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,— I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you laboring for him. What was't
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire; and what
Made the all-honor'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge th' ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.
*Cæs.* Take your time.
*Ant.* Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.
*Pom.* At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou mayst.
*Lep.* Be pleas'd to tell us —
For this is from the present—how you take
The offer we have sent you.
*Cæs.* There's the point.
*Ant.* Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.
*Cæs.* And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.
*Pom.* You've made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome; this greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

*Cæs., Ant., Lep.* That's our offer.
*Pom.* Know, then,
I came before you here a man prepar'd
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience: — though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.
*Ant.* I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.
*Pom.* Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.
*Ant.* The beds i' th' east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by't.
*Cæs.* Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.
*Pom.* Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.
*Lep.* Well met here.
*Pom.* I hope so, Lepidus.— Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.
*Cæs.* That's the next to do.
*Pom.* We'll feast each other ere we part; and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.
*Ant.* That will I, Pompey.
*Pom.* No, Antony, take the lot: but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I've heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.
*Ant.* You have heard much.
*Pom.* I have fair meanings, sir.
*Ant.* And fair words to them.
*Pom.* Then so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried —
*Eno.* No more of that: — he did so.
*Pom.* What, I pray you?

*Eno.* A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.
*Pom.* I know thee now: how far'st thou, soldier?
*Eno.* Well;
And well am like to do; for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.
*Pom.* Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I've seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behavior.
*Eno.* Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.
*Pom.* Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?
*Cæs., Ant., Lep.* Show us the way, sir.
*Pom.* Come.
[*Exeunt all except Menas and Enobarbus.*
*Men.* [*aside*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.— You and I have known, sir.
*Eno.* At sea, I think.
*Men.* We have, sir.
*Eno.* You have done well by water.
*Men.* And you by land.
*Eno.* I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.
*Men.* Nor what I have done by water.
*Eno.* Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.
*Men.* And you by land.
*Eno.* There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.
*Men.* All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.
*Eno.* But there is never a fair woman has a true face.
*Men.* No slander; they steal hearts.
*Eno.* We came hither to fight with you.
*Men.* For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.
*Eno.* If he do, sure, he cannot weep't back again.

*Men.* You've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

*Eno.* Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

*Men.* True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

*Eno.* But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

*Men.* Pray ye, sir?

*Eno.* 'Tis true.

*Men.* Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

*Eno.* If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

*Men.* I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

*Eno.* I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

*Men.* Who would not have his wife so?

*Eno.* Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

*Men.* And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

*Eno.* I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

*Men.* Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *On board* POMPEY'S *galley, lying near Misenum.*

*Music. Enter two or three* Servants, *with a banquet.*

*First Serv.* Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

*Sec. Serv.* Lepidus is high-colored.

*First Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

*Sec. Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out "No more;" reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

*First Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

*Sec. Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

*First Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

*Sennet sounded. Enter* CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, *with other Captains.*

*Ant.* [*to Cæsar*] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

*Lep.* You've strange serpents there.

*Ant.* Ay, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

*Ant.* They are so.

*Pom.* Sit,— and some wine! — A health to Lepidus!

*Lep.* I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

*Eno.* Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

*Lep.* Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

*Men.* [*aside to Pom.*] Pompey, a word.

*Pom.* [*aside to Men.*] Say in mine ear: what is't?

*Men.* [*aside to Pom.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.

*Pom.* [*aside to Men.*] Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus!

*Lep.* What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

*Ant.* It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with

its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

*Lep.* What color is it of?

*Ant.* Of its own color too.

*Lep.* 'Tis a strange serpent.

*Ant.* 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

*Cæs.* Will this description satisfy him?

*Ant.* With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

*Pom.* [*aside to Men.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.— Where's this cup I call'd for?

*Men.* [*aside to Pom.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

*Pom.* [*aside to Men.*] I think thou'rt mad. The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*

*Men.* I've ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

*Pom.* Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What's else to say? —
Be jolly, lords.

*Ant.* These quicksands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, or you sink.

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

*Pom.* What say'st thou?

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

*Pom.* How should that be?

*Men.* But entertain it,
And though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

*Pom.* Hast thou drunk well?

*Men.* No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

*Pom.* Show me which way.

*Men.* These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.

*Pom.* Ah, this thou shouldst have done,

And not have spoken on't! In me 'tis villainy;
In thee't had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honor;
Mine honor, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

*Men.* [*aside*] For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

*Pom.* This health to Lepidus!

*Ant.* Bear him ashore,— I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

*Eno.* Here's to thee, Menas!

*Men.* Enobarbus, welcome!

*Pom.* Fill till the cup be hid.

*Eno.* There's a strong fellow, Menas.
[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.*

*Men.* Why?

*Eno.* 'A bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

*Men.* The third part, then, is drunk: would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

*Eno.* Drink thou; increase the reels.

*Men.* Come.

*Pom.* This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

*Ant.* It ripens towards it.— Strike the vessels, ho!—
Here is to Cæsar!

*Cæs.* I could well forbear't.
It's monstrous labor, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

*Ant.* Be a child o' the time.

*Cæs.* Possess it, I'll make answer:
But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.

*Eno.* [*to Antony*] Ha, my brave emperor!
Shall we dance now th' Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

*Pom.* Let's ha't, good soldier.

*Ant.* Come, let's all take hands,

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.
*Eno.* All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud music : —
The while I'll place you : then the boy shall sing ;
The holding every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us till the world go round,
Cup us till the world go round!

*Cæs.* What would you more? — Pompey, good night.—
Good brother,
Let me request you off : our graver business
Frowns at this levity.— Gentle lords, let's part;
You see we've burnt our cheeks : strong Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine ; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks : the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.
*Pom.* I'll try you on the shore.
*Ant.* And shall, sir : give's your hand.
*Pom.* O Antony,
You have my father's house,— But, what? we're friends.
Come, down into the boat.
*Eno.* Take heed you fall not.
[*Exeunt all except Enobarbus and Menas.*
Menas, I'll not on shore.
*Men.* No, to my cabin.—
These drums! — these trumpets, flutes! what! —
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows : sound and be hang'd, sound out!
[*A flourish, with drums.*
*Eno.* Hoo! says 'a.— There's my cap.
*Men.* Hoo! — Noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I. *A plain in Syria.*

*Enter* VENTIDIUS *in triumph, with* SILIUS *and other* Romans, Officers, *and* Soldiers; *the dead body of* PACORUS *borne before him.*

*Ven.* Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.— Bear the king's son's body
Before our army.— Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.
*Sil.* Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.
*Ven.* O Silius, Silius,
I've done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,—
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favor.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offense
Should my performance perish.
*Sil.* Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?
*Ven.* I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,

The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.
*Sil.* Where is he now?
*Ven.* He purposeth to Athens: whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with's will permit,
We shall appear before him.— On, there; pass along!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rome. An ante-chamber in* CÆSAR'S *house.*

*Enter* AGRIPPA *and* ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*

*Agr.* What, are the brothers parted?
*Eno.* They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.
*Agr.* 'Tis a noble Lepidus.
*Eno.* A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!
*Agr.* Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!
*Eno.* Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.
*Agr.* What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.
*Eno.* Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!
*Agr.* Of Antony? O thou Arabian bird!
*Eno.* Would you praise Cæsar, say "Cæsar,"— go no further.
*Agr.* Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.
*Eno.* But he loves Cæsar best;— yet he loves Antony:
Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number,— hoo!—
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.
*Agr.* Both he loves.
*Eno.* They are his shards, and he their beetle. [*Trumpets within.*] So,—
This is to horse.— Adieu, noble Agrippa.
*Agr.* Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

*Enter* CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *and* OCTAVIA.

*Ant.* No further, sir.
*Cæs.* You take from me a great part of myself;

Use me well in't.— Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band
Shall pass on thy approof.— Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it ; for far better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

*Ant.* Make me not offended
In your distrust.

*Cæs.* I have said.

*Ant.* You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear : so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends !
We will here part.

*Cæs.* Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well :
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort ! fare thee well.

*Octa.* My noble brother ! —

*Ant.* The April's in her eyes : it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.— Be cheerful.

*Octa.* Sir, look well to my husband's house ; and —

*Cæs.* What,
Octavia ?

*Octa.* I'll tell you in your ear.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue,— the swan's down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

*Eno.* [*aside to Agr.*] Will Cæsar weep ?

*Agr.* [*aside to Eno.*] He has a cloud in's face.

*Eno.* [*aside to Agr.*] He were the worse for that were he a horse ;
So is he being a man.

*Agr.* [*aside to Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring ; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

*Eno.* [*aside to Agr.*] That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum ;

What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
Believe't, till I wept too.
*Cæs.* No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
*Ant.* Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
*Cæs.* Adieu; be happy!
*Lep.* Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!
*Cæs.* Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses Octavia.*
*Ant.* Farewell!
[*Trumpets sound within. Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Alexandria. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

*Cleo.* Where is the fellow?
*Alex.* Half afeard to come.
*Cleo.* Go to, go to.

*Enter the* Messenger.

Come hither, sir.
*Alex.* Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleas'd.
*Cleo.* That Herod's head
I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it? — Come thou near.
*Mess.* Most gracious majesty,—
*Cleo.* Didst thou behold
Octavia?
*Mess.* Ay, dread queen.
*Cleo.* Where?
*Mess.* Madam, in Rome;
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me?
*Mess.* She is not, madam.
*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongu'd or low?

*Mess.* Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.
*Cleo.* That's not so good: — he cannot like her long.
*Char.* Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.
*Cleo.* I think so, Charmian; dull of tongue, and dwarfish! —
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
*Mess.* She creeps,—
Her motion and her station are as one;
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.
*Cleo.* Is this certain?
*Mess.* Or I have no observance.
*Char.* Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
*Cleo.* He's very knowing;
I do perceive't: — there's nothing in her yet: —
The fellow has good judgment.
*Char.* Excellent.
*Cleo.* Guess at her years, I prithee.
*Mess.* Madam,
She was a widow,—
*Cleo.* Widow! — Charmian, hark.
*Mess.* And I do think she's thirty.
*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?
*Mess.* Round even to faultiness.
*Cleo.* For the most part, too, they're foolish that are so.—
Her hair, what color?
*Mess.* Brown, madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
*Cleo.* There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill: —
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: go make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*
*Char.* A proper man.
*Cleo.* Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.
*Char.* Nothing, madam.

*Cleo.* The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
*Char.* Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!
*Cleo.* I've one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
*Char.* I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Athens. A room in* ANTONY'S *house.*

*Enter* ANTONY *and* OCTAVIA.

*Ant.* Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable impórt,— but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honor, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.
*Octa.* O, my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
Sure, the good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.
*Ant.* Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honor,
I lose myself: better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between's: the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war

Shall stay your brother : make your soonest haste ;
So your desires are yours.
*Octa.* Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler ! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.
*Ant.* When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way ; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going ;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter* ENOBARBUS *and* EROS, *meeting.*

*Eno.* How now, friend Eros !
*Eros.* There's strange news come, sir.
*Eno.* What, man ?
*Eros.* Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.
*Eno.* This is old : what is the success ?
*Eros.* Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality ; would not let him partake in the glory of the action : and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey ; upon his own appeal, seizes him : so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.
*Eno.* Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more ;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony ?
*Eros.* He's walking in the garden — thus ; and spurns
The rush that lies before him ; cries "Fool Lepidus !"
And threats the throat of that his officer
That murder'd Pompey.
*Eno.* Our great navy's rigg'd.
*Eros.* For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius ;
My lord desires you presently : my news
I might have told hereafter.
*Eno.* 'Twill be naught :
But let it be.— Bring me to Antony.
*Eros.* Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Rome. A room in* CÆSAR'S *house.*

*Enter* CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MECÆNAS.

*Cæs.* Contemning Rome, he has done all this and more
In Alexandria: here's the manner of't:—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd; at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all th' unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.
*Mec.* This in the public eye?
*Cæs.* I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings;
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.
*Mec.* Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.
*Agr.* Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.
*Cæs.* The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.
*Agr.* Who does he accuse?
*Cæs.* Cæsar; and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' th' isle: then does he say he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.
*Agr.* Sir, this should be answer'd.
*Cæs.* 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I've told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change: for what I've conquer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.
*Mec.* He'll never yield to that.
*Cæs.* Nor must not, then, be yielded to in this.

*Enter* OCTAVIA *with her Train.*

*Octa.* Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!
*Cæs.* That ever I should call thee castaway!
*Octa.* You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.
*Cæs.* Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
Th' ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.
*Octa.* Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grievèd ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.
*Cæs.* Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.
*Octa.* Do not say so, my lord.
*Cæs.* I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?
*Octa.* My lord, in Athens.
*Cæs.* No, my most wrongèd sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' th' earth for war: he hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,

Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia, with a
More larger list of scepters.

*Octa.* Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

*Cæs.* Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceivèd both how you were wrong'd,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

*Agr.* Welcome, lady.

*Mec.* Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only th' adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

*Octa.* Is it so, sir?

*Cæs.* Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,
Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. ANTONY'S *camp, near the promontory of Actium.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA *and* ENOBARBUS.

*Cleo.* I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

*Eno.* But why, why, why?

*Cleo.* Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit.

*Eno.* Well, is it, is it?
*Cleo.* If not denounc'd against us, why should not we
Be there in person?
*Eno.* [*aside*] Well, I could reply: —
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.
*Cleo.* What is't you say?
*Eno.* Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
That Phôtinus an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.
*Cleo.* Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.
*Eno.* Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

*Enter* ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS.

*Ant.* Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium
He could so quickly cut th' Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne? — You have heard on't, sweet?
*Cleo.* Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.
*Ant.* A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.— Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.
*Cleo.* By sea! what else?
*Can.* Why will my lord do so?
*Ant.* For that he dares us to't
*Eno.* So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.
*Can.* Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.
*Eno.* Your ships are not well mann'd,—

Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

*Ant.* By sea, by sea.

*Eno.* Most worthy, sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renownèd knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

*Ant.* I'll fight at sea.

*Cleo.* I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from th' head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

*Enter a* Messenger.

Thy business?

*Mess.* The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

*Ant.* Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange that his power should be.— Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse.— We'll to our ship:
Away, my Thetis!

*Enter a* Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier!

*Sold.* O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well: — away!

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*

*Sold.* By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.
*Can.* Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.
*Sold.* You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?
*Can.* Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.
*Sold.* While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguil'd all spies.
*Can.* Who's his lieutenant, hear you?
*Sold.* They say, one Taurus.
*Can.* Well I know the man.

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Mess.* The emperor calls Canidius.
*Can.* With news the time's with labor, and throes forth
Each minute some. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VIII. *A plain near Actium.*

*Enter* CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, *and others.*

*Cæs.* Taurus,—
*Taur.* My lord?
*Cæs.* Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IX. *Another part of the plain.*

*Enter* ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

*Ant.* Set we our squadrons on yond side o' th' hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Another part of the plain.*

*Enter* CANIDIUS, *marching with his land army one way; and* TAURUS, *the lieutenant of* CÆSAR, *with his army, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

*Alarum. Enter* ENOBARBUS.

*Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
Th' Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:
To see't mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter* SCARUS.

*Scar.* Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!
*Eno.* What's thy passion?
*Scar.* The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.
*Eno.* How appears the fight?
*Scar.* On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt,—
Whom leprosy o'ertake! — i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The breese upon her, like a cow in June,—
Hoists sails and flies.
*Eno.* That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.
*Scar.* She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honor, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.
*Eno.* Alack, alack!

*Enter* CANIDIUS.

*Can.* Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,

And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight
Most grossly by his own!
*Eno.* Ay, are you thereabouts?
Why, then; good night indeed.
*Can.* Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.
*Scar.* 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.
*Can.* To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.
*Eno.* I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *Alexandria. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

*Enter* ANTONY *and* Attendants.

*Ant.* Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon't,—
It is sham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither:
I am so lated in the world that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I've a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.
*All.* Fly! not we.
*Ant.* I've fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbor, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:—

Nay, do so; for, indeed, I've lost command,
Therefore I pray you; — I'll see you by and by. [*Sits down.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS; EROS *following.*

*Eros.* Nay, gentle madam, to him,— comfort him.
*Iras.* Do, most dear queen.
*Char.* Do! why, what else?
*Cleo.* Let me sit down. O Juno!
*Ant.* No, no, no, no, no.
*Eros.* See you here, sir?
*Ant.* O fie, fie, fie!
*Char.* Madam,—
*Iras.* Madam, O good empress,—
*Eros.* Sir, sir,—
*Ant.* Yes, my lord, yes; — he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: yet now — No matter.
*Cleo.* Ah, stand by.
*Eros.* The queen, my lord, the queen.
*Iras.* Go to him, madam, speak to him:
He is unqualitied with very shame.
*Cleo.* Well then,— sustain me: — O!
*Eros.* Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.
*Ant.* I have offended reputation,—
A most unnoble swerving.
*Eros.* Sir, the queen.
*Ant.* O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
Stroy'd in dishonor.
*Cleo.* O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.
*Ant.* Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit

Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
*Cleo.* O, my pardon!
*Ant.* Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.
*Cleo.* Pardon, pardon!
*Ant.* Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.— We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back? — Love, I am full of lead.—
Some wine, within there, and our viands! — Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. CÆSAR'S *camp in Egypt.*

*Enter* CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, *and others.*

*Cæs.* Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?
*Dol.* Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

*Enter* EUPHRONIUS.

*Cæs.* Approach, and speak.
*Euph.* Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.
*Cæs.* Be't so: — declare thine office.
*Euph.* Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues

To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.
*Cæs.* For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgracèd friend,
Or take his life there: this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.
*Euph.* Fortune pursue thee!
*Cæs.* Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit Euphronius.*
[*To Thyreus*] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: dispatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
And in our name, what she requires: add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thyreus,
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.
*Thyr.* Cæsar, I go.
*Cæs.* Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.
*Thyr.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

*Cleo.* What shall we do, Enobarbus?
*Eno.* Think, and die.
*Cleo.* Is Antony or we in fault for this?
*Eno.* Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then

Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The merèd question: 'twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.
*Cleo.* Prithee, peace.

*Enter* ANTONY *with* EUPHRONIUS.

*Ant.* Is that his answer?
*Euph.* Ay, my lord.
*Ant.* The queen shall, then, have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.
*Euph.* He says so.
*Ant.* Let her know't.—
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.
*Cleo.* That head, my lord?
*Ant.* To him again: tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*

*Eno.* [*aside*] Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stage'd to the show,
Against a sworder! I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness! — Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

*Enter an* Attendant.

*Att.* A messenger from Cæsar.
*Cleo.* What, no more ceremony? — See, my women! —

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
That kneel'd unto the buds.— Admit him, sir.
[*Exit Attendant.*
*Eno.* [*aside*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly : yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

*Enter* THYREUS.

*Cleo.* Cæsar's will ?
*Thyr.* Hear it apart.
*Cleo.* None but friends : say boldly
*Thyr.* So, haply, are they friends to Antony.
*Eno.* He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has ;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend : for us, you know
Whose he is we are, and that's Cæsar's.
*Thyr.* So.—
Thus then, thou most renown'd : Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.
*Cleo.* Go on : right royal.
*Thyr.* He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
*Cleo.* O !
*Thyr.* The scars upon your honor, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrainèd blemishes,
Not as deservèd.
*Cleo.* He's a god, and knows
What is most right : mine honor was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.
*Eno.* [*aside*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit.*
*Thyr.* Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him ? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon : but it would warm his spirits,

To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.
*Cleo.* What's your name?
*Thyr.* My name is Thyreus.
*Cleo.* Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: — in deputation
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I'm prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.
*Thyr.* 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.
*Cleo.* Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

*Re-enter* ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

*Ant.* Favors, by Jove that thunders! —
What art thou, fellow?
*Thyr.* One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.
*Eno.* [*aside*] You will be whipp'd.
*Ant.* Approach, there! — Ay, you kite! — Now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried "Ho!"
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry "Your will?" — Have you no ears? I am
Antony yet.

*Enter* Attendants.

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.
*Eno.* [*aside*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.
*Ant.* Moon and stars! —
Whip him. — Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them

So saucy with the hand of she here,— what's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra ? — Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy : take him hence.
*Thyr.* Mark Antony,—
*Ant.* Tug him away : being whipp'd,
Bring him again : — this Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.
[*Exeunt Attendants with Thyreus*
You were half blasted ere I knew you : — ha !
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders ?
*Cleo.* Good my lord,—
*Ant.* You have been a boggler ever : —
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,—
O misery on't ! — the wise gods seel our eyes ;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments ; make us
Adore our errors ; laugh at's, while we strut
To our confusion.
*Cleo.* O, is't come to this ?
*Ant.* I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher ; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out : for, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.
*Cleo.* Wherefore is this ?
*Ant.* To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say "God quit you ! " be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand ; this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts ! —O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The hornèd herd ! for I have savage cause ;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.

*Re-enter* Attendants *with* THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd ?

*First Att.* Soundly, my lord.
*Ant.* Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?
*First Att.* He did ask favor.

*Ant.* If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into th' abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchèd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, begone! [*Exit Thyreus*

*Cleo.* Have you done yet?
*Ant.* Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!
*Cleo.* I must stay his time.

*Ant.* To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?
*Cleo.* Not know me yet?

*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me?
*Cleo.* Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
Till by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless,— till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

*Ant.* I'm satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? — Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There's hope in't yet.
*Cleo.* That's my brave lord!
*Ant.* I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. — Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.
*Cleo.* It is my birth-day:
I had thought t' have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.
*Ant.* We will yet do well.
*Cleo.* Call all his noble captains to my lord.
*Ant.* Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars. — Come on, my queen;
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.
[*Exeunt all except Enobarbus.*
*Eno.* Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: when valor preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. CÆSAR'S *camp at Alexandria.*

*Enter* CÆSAR, *reading a letter ;* AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, *and others.*

*Cæs.* He calls me boy ; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt ; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods ; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony : — let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die ; meantime
Laugh at his challenge.
*Mec.* Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction : — never anger
Made good guard for itself.
*Cæs.* Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight : — within our files there are,
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done :
And feast the army ; we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony ! [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE II. *Alexandria. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

*Enter* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and others.*

*Ant.* He will not fight with me, Domitius.
*Eno.* No.
*Ant.* Why should he not ?
*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He's twenty men to one.
*Ant.* To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight ; or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honor in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well ?
*Eno.* I'll strike, and cry " Take all."
*Ant.* Well said ; come on.—
Call forth my household servants : let's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.

*Enter* Servants.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest; — so hast thou; —
And thou,— and thou,— and thou: — you've serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

*Cleo.* [*aside to Eno.*] What means this?

*Eno.* [*aside to Cleo.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

*Ant.* And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.

*Servants.* The gods forbid!

*Ant.* Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

*Cleo.* [*aside to Eno.*] What does he mean?

*Eno.* [*aside to Cleo.*] To make his followers weep.

*Ant.* Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period of your duty:
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!

*Eno.* What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep:
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd: for shame,
Transform us not to women.

*Ant.* Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense;
For I spake to you for your comfort,— did desire you

To burn this night with torches : know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow ; and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life
Than death and honor. Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Before* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

*Enter two* Soldiers *to their guard.*

*First Sold.* Brother, good night : to-morrow is the day.
*Sec. Sold.* It will determine one way : fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?
*First Sold.* Nothing. What news ?
*Sec. Sold.* Belike 'tis but a rumor. Good night to you.
*First Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

*Enter two other* Soldiers.

*Sec. Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.
*Third Sold.* And you. Good night, good night.
[*The first and second go to their posts.*
*Fourth Sold.* Here we : [*the third and fourth go to their posts*] and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.
*Third Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose. [*Music as of hautboys underground.*
*Fourth Sold.* Peace ! what noise ?
*First Sold.* List, list !
*Sec. Sold.* Hark !
*First Sold.* Music i' the air.
*Third Sold.* Under the earth.
*Fourth Sold.* It signs well, does it not ?
*Third Sold.* No.
*First Sold.* Peace, I say !
What should this mean ?
*Sec. Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.
*First Sold.* Walk ; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do ? [*They advance to another post.*
*Sec. Sold.* How now, masters !
*Soldiers.* [*speaking together*] How now !
How now ! do you hear this ?

*First Sold.* Ay; is't not strange?
*Third Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
*First Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how't will off.
*Soldiers.* [*speaking together*] Content. 'Tis strange.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

*Enter* ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and others attending.*

*Ant.* Eros! mine armor, Eros!
*Cleo.* Sleep a little.
*Ant.* No, my chuck.— Eros, come; mine armor, Eros!

*Enter* EROS *with armor.*

Come, my good fellow, put mine iron on:—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her:— come.
*Cleo.* Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?
*Ant.* Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armorer of my heart:— false, false; this, this.
*Cleo.* Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.
*Ant.* Well, well;
We shall thrive now.— Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defenses.
*Eros.* Briefly, sir.
*Cleo.* Is not this buckled well?
*Ant.* Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou: dispatch.— O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in't.

*Enter a* Captain, *armed.*

Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.

*Capt.* A thousand, sir,
Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.
[*Shout and flourish of trumpets within.*

*Enter other* Captains *and* Soldiers.

*Sec. Capt.* The morn is fair.— Good morrow, general.
*All.* Good morrow, general.
*Ant.* 'Tis well blown, lads:
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.—
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.— You that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.
[*Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers.*
*Char.* Please you, retire to your chamber.
*Cleo.* Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,— but now — Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. ANTONY'S *camp near Alexandria.*

*Trumpets sound within. Enter* ANTONY *and* EROS; *a* Soldier *meeting them.*

*Sold.* The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
*Ant.* Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
*Sold.* Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.
*Ant.* Who's gone this morning?
*Sold.* Who!
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say "I am none of thine."

*Ant.* What say'st thou ?
*Sold.* Sir,
He is with Cæsar.
*Eros.* Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.
*Ant.* Is he gone ?
*Sold.* Most certain.
*Ant.* Go, Eros, send his treasure after ; do it ;
Detain no jot, I charge thee : write to him —
I will subscribe — gentle adieus and greetings ;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.— O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men ! — Dispatch.— Enobarbus !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. CÆSAR'S *camp before Alexandria.*

*Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR *with* AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, *and others.*

*Cæs.* Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight :
Our will is Antony be took alive ;
Make it so known.
*Agr.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*
*Cæs.* The time of universal peace is near :
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Mess.* Antony
Is come into the field.
*Cæs.* Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt all except Enobarbus*
*Eno.* Alexas did revolt ; and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony ; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony : for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honorable trust. I have done ill ;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

*Enter a* Soldier *of* CÆSAR'S.

*Sold.* Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.
*Eno.* I give it you.
*Sold.* Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: best you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*
*Eno.* I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee! — No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Field of battle between the camps.*

*Alarums. Drums and trumpets. Enter* AGRIPPA *and others.*

*Agr.* Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

*Alarums. Enter* ANTONY, *and* SCARUS *wounded.*

*Scar.* O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.
*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.
*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
*Ant.* They do retire.
*Scar.* We'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

*Enter* EROS.

*Eros.* They're beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.
*Scar.* Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'Tis sport to maul a runner.
*Ant.* I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and tenfold
For thy good valor. Come thee on.
*Scar.* I'll halt after.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Under the walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarums. Enter* ANTONY, *marching;* SCARUS, *and Forces.*

*Ant.* We've beat him to his camp:—run one before,
And let the queen know of our gests.— To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see 's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honor'd gashes whole.— [*To Scarus*] Give me thy hand;

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, *attended.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.— [*To Cleo.*] O thou day o the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triúmphing!
*Cleo.* Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?
*Ant.* My nightingale,
We've beat them to their beds. What, girl! though gray

Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favoring hand:—
Kiss it, my warrior:— he hath fought to-day
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.
*Cleo.* I'll give thee, friend,
An armor all of gold; it was a king's.
*Ant.* He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.— Give me thy hand:—
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.— Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IX. CÆSAR'S *camp.*

Sentinels *at their post.*

*First Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court-of-guard: the night
Is shiny; and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.
*Sec. Sold.* This last day was
A shrewd one to's.

*Enter* ENOBARBUS.

*Eno.* O, bear me witness, night,—
*Third Sold.* What man is this?
*Sec. Sold.* Stand close, and list him.
*Eno.* Be witness to me, O thou blessèd moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—
*First Sold.* Enobarbus!

*Third Sold.* Peace!
Hark further.
*Eno.* O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*
*Sec. Sold.* Let's speak
To him.
*First Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.
*Third Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.
*First Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.
*Sec. Sold.* Go we to him.
*Third Sold.* Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.
*Sec. Sold.* Hear you, sir?
*First Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him.
[*Drums afar off.*] Hark! the drums
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court-of-guard: he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.
*Third Sold.* Come on, then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*

SCENE X. *Ground between the two camps.*

*Enter* ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *with Forces, marching.*

*Ant.* Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.
*Scar.* For both, my lord.
*Ant.* I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;

They have put forth the haven :— forward, now,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *Another part of the same.*

*Enter* CÆSAR, *with his Forces, marching.*

*Cæs.* But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall ; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. *Another part of the same.*

*Enter* ANTONY *and* SCARUS.

*Ant.* Yet they are not join'd : where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all : I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

*Scar.* Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the augurers
Say they know not,— they cannot tell ; — look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected ; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

[*Alarums afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

*Re-enter* ANTONY.

*Ant.* All is lost ;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayèd me :
My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.— Triple-turn'd whore ! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice ; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.— Bid them all fly ;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all : — bid them all fly ; begone. [*Exit Scarus.*
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :
Fortune and Antony part here ; even here
Do we shake hands.— All come to this ? — The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave

Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am :
O this false soul of Egypt ! this grave charm,—
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home ;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—
Like a right gypsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros !

*Enter* CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell ! Avaunt !

*Cleo.* Why is my lord enrag'd against his love ?

*Ant.* Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians :
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex ; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits ; and let
Patient Octavia plow thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit Cleopatra.*

'Tis well thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live ; but better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.— Eros, ho !—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me : — teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage :
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon ;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die :
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot ; she dies for't.— Eros, ho ! [*Exit.*

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

*Cleo.* Help me, my women ! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield ; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

*Char.* To the monument !
There lock yourself, and send him word you're dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.
*Cleo.* To the monument! —
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was "Antony,"
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death.— To the monument!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV. *The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter* ANTONY *and* EROS.

*Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
*Eros.* Ay, noble lord.
*Ant.* Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapor sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forkèd mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod into the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
*Eros.* Ay, my lord.
*Ant.* That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.
*Eros.* It does, my lord.
*Ant.* My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost,— she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar,— and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

*Enter* MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.
*Mar.* No, Antony;

My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.
*Ant.* Hence, saucy eunuch ; peace !
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.
*Mar.* Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd : what thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand : the last she spake
Was, " Antony ! most noble Antony ! "
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony ; it was divided
Between her heart and lips : she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.
*Ant.* Dead, then ?
*Mar.* Dead.
*Ant.* Unarm me, Eros ; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.— [*To Mardian*] That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labor richly ; go. [*Exit Mardian.*
Off, pluck off : —
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides !
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case ! — Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier : — bruisèd pieces, go ;
You have been nobly borne.— From me awhile.
[*Exit Eros.*
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture : — since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further : now all labor
Mars what it does ; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength : seal then, and all is done.—
Eros ! — I come, my queen.— Eros ! — Stay for me :
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze :
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.— Come, Eros, Eros !

*Re-enter* EROS.

*Eros.* What would my lord ?
*Ant.* Since Cleopatra died,
I've liv'd in such dishonor, that the gods

Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman ; less noble-minded
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells
" I'm conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come,— which now
Is come indeed,— when I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me : do't ; the time is come :
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put color in thy cheek.
*Eros.* The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not ?
*Ant.* Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensu'd?
*Eros.* I would not see't.
*Ant.* Come, then ; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.
*Eros.* O, sir, pardon me!
*Ant.* When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee ? Do it at once ;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
*Eros.* Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.
*Ant.* Lo thee ! [*Turning from him.*
*Eros.* My sword is drawn.
*Ant.* Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.
*Eros.* My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

*Ant.* 'Tis said, man ; — and farewell.
*Eros.* Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now ?
*Ant.* Now, Eros.
*Eros.* Why, there then [*falls on his sword*] : — thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*
*Ant.* Thrice-nobler than myself !
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record : but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then ; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar : to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*
I learn'd of thee. How ! not dead ? not dead ? —
The guard, ho ! — O, dispatch me !

*Enter* DERCETAS *and* Guard.

*First Guard.* What's the noise ?
*Ant.* I've done my work ill, friends : O, make an end
Of what I have begun.
*Sec. Guard.* The star is fall'n.
*First Guard.* And time is at his period.
*All.* Alas, and woe !
*Ant.* Let him that loves me strike me dead.
*First Guard.* Not I.
*Sec. Guard.* Nor I.
*Third Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*
*Der.* Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

*Enter* DIOMEDES.

*Dio.* Where's Antony ?
*Der.* There, Diomed, there.
*Dio.* Lives he ?
Wilt thou not answer, man ? [*Exit Dercetas.*
*Ant.* Art thou there, Diomed ? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.
*Dio.* Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

*Ant.* When did she send thee?
*Dio.* Now, my lord.
*Ant.* Where is she?
*Dio.* Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw —
Which never shall be found — you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.
*Ant.* Too late, good Diomed: — call my guard, I prithee.
*Dio.* What, ho, the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls!

*Enter some of the* Guard.

*Ant.* Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.
*First Guard.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.
*All.* Most heavy day!
*Ant.* Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I've led you oft: carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*

SCENE XV. *The same. A monument.*

*Enter, above,* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

*Cleo.* O Charmian, I will never go from hence.
*Char.* Be comforted, dear madam.
*Cleo.* No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

*Enter, below,* DIOMEDES.

How now! is he dead?

*Dio.* His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' th' other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

*Enter, below,* ANTONY, *borne by the* Guard.

*Cleo.* O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! — darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world.— O Antony,
Antony, Antony! — Help, Charmian; help, Iras, help; —
Help, friends below! — let's draw him hither.

*Ant.* Peace!
Not Cæsar's valor hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

*Cleo.* So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here impórtune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

*Cleo.* I dare not, dear,—
Dear my lord, pardon,— I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not th' imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honor
Demuring upon me.— But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,— we must draw thee up; —
Assist, good friends.

*Ant.* O, quick, or I am gone.

*Cleo.* Here's sport indeed! — How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools,— O, come, come, come;

[*They draw Antony up.*

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast liv'd:
Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

*All.* A heavy sight!

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

*Cleo.* No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offense.

*Ant.* One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honor, with your safety.— O!

*Cleo.* They do not go together.

*Ant.* Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

*Cleo.* My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

*Ant.* The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman,— a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.

*Cleo.* Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? — O, see, my women,
[*Antony dies*
The crown o' th' earth doth melt.— My lord! my lord!
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*Faints.*

*Char.* O, quietness, lady!

*Iras.* She is dead too, our sovereign.

*Char.* Lady,—

*Iras.* Madam,—

*Char.* O madam, madam, madam,—

*Iras.* Royal Egypt,
Empress,—
*Char.* Peace, peace, Iras!
*Cleo.* No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares.— It were for me
To throw my scepter at th' injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? — How do you, women?
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
My noble girls! — Ah, women, women, look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out! — Good sirs, take heart: —
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away: —
This case of that huge spirit now is cold:
Ah, women, women! — come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.
[*Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. CÆSAR'S *camp before Alexandria.*

*Enter* CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, *and others.*

*Cæs.* Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
The pauses that he makes.
*Dol.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

*Enter* DERCETAS, *with the sword of* ANTONY.

*Cæs.* Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us?
*Der.* I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life

To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.
*Cæs.* What is't thou say'st?
*Der.* I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.
*Cæs.* The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens: — the death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.
*Der.* He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hirèd knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honor in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.— This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.
*Cæs.* Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.
*Agr.* And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.
*Mec.* His taints and honors
Wag'd equal with him.
*Agr.* A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.
*Mec.* When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.
*Cæs.* O Antony!
I've follow'd thee to this: — but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look'd on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: but yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,

Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,— that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this.— Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season:

*Enter a* Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him;
We'll hear him what he says.— Whence are you?

*Mess.* A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.

*Cæs.* Bid her have good heart:
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honorable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot learn
To be ungentle.

*Mess.* So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*

*Cæs.* Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

*Pro.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

*Cæs.* Gallus, go you along. [*Exit Gal.*] Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius?

*Agr., Mec., &c.* Dolabella!

*Cæs.* Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Alexandria. A room in the monument.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

*Cleo.* My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the monument,* PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, *and* Soldiers.

*Pro.* Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
*Cleo.* What's thy name?
*Pro.* My name is Proculeius.
*Cleo.* Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.
*Pro.* Be of good cheer;
You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: let me report to him
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
*Cleo.* Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

*Pro.* This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

*Gal.* You see how easily she may be surpris'd:
[*Here Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*
[*To Proculeius and the Guard*] Guard her till Cæsar come. [*Exit.*

*Iras.* Royal queen!

*Char.* O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!

*Cleo.* Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*

*Pro.* Hold, worthy lady, hold:
[*Seizes and disarms her.*
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

*Cleo.* What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

*Pro.* Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
Th' undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

*Cleo.* Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

*Pro.* O, temperance, lady!

*Cleo.* Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chástis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark-nak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make

My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!
*Pro.* You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

*Enter* DOLABELLA.

*Dol.* Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent me for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.
*Pro.* So, Dolabella.
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
[*To Cleo.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.
*Cleo.* Say, I would die.
[*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*
*Dol.* Most noble empress, you have heard of me?
*Cleo.* I cannot tell.
*Dol.* Assuredly you know me.
*Cleo.* No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?
*Dol.* I understand not, madam.
*Cleo.* I dream'd there was an emperor Antony:—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!
*Dol.* If it might please ye,—
*Cleo.* His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.
*Dol.* Most sovereign creature,—
*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tunèd spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: in his livery

Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.
*Dol.* Cleopatra,—
*Cleo.* Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?
*Dol.* Gentle madam, no.
*Cleo.* You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, t' imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.
*Dol.* Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.
*Cleo.* I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?
*Dol.* I'm loth to tell you what I would you knew.
*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, sir,—
*Dol.* Though he be honorable,—
*Cleo.* He'll lead me, then, in triumph?
*Dol.* Madam, he will; I know't. [*Flourish within.*
*Within.* Make way there,— Cæsar!

*Enter* CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS, *and* Attendants.

*Cæs.* Which is the Queen of Egypt?
*Dol.* It is the emperor, madam. [*Cleopatra kneels.*
*Cæs.* Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.
*Cleo.* Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.
*Cæs.* Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
*Cleo.* Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well

To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often sham'd our sex.
*Cæs.* Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,—
Which towards you are most gentle,— you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.
*Cleo.* And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.
*Cæs.* You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.
*Cleo.* This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valu'd;
Not petty things admitted. — Where's Seleucus?
*Sel.* Here, madam.
*Cleo.* This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing.— Speak the truth, Seleucus.
*Sel.* Madam,
I had rather seal my lips than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.
*Cleo.* What have I kept back?
*Sel.* Enough to purchase what you have made known.
*Cæs.* Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.
*Cleo.* See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
Th' ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild: — O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd! — What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!

*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you.
*Cleo.* O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,—
That thou vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honor of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have.—[*To Seleucus*] Prithee, go hence,
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through th' ashes of my chance: wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.
*Cæs.* Forbear, Seleucus.
[*Exit Seleucus.*
*Cleo.* Be't known that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.
*Cæs.* Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.
*Cleo.* My master, and my lord!
*Cæs.* Not so. Adieu.
[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.*
*Cleo.* He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.
[*Whispers Charmian.*

*Iras.* Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.
*Cleo.* Hie thee again :
I've spoke already. and it is provided ;
Go put it to the haste.
*Char.* Madam, I will.

*Re-enter* DOLABELLA.

*Dol.* Where is the queen ?
*Char.* Behold, sir. [*Exit.*
*Cleo.* Dolabella !
*Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey ; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before :
Make your best use of this : I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.
*Cleo.* Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.
*Dol.* I your servant.
Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.
*Cleo.* Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dolabella.*
Now, Iras, what think'st thou ?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I : mechanic slaves,
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapor.
*Iras.* The gods forbid !
*Cleo.* Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras : — saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets ; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune : the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels ; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.
*Iras.* O the good gods !
*Cleo.* Nay, that's certain.

*Iras.* I'll never see't; for I am sure my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.
*Cleo.* Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

*Re-enter* CHARMIAN.

Now, Charmian! —
Show me, my women, like a queen: — go fetch
My best attires; — I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony: — sirrah Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;
And, when thou'st done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday.— Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise? [*Exit Iras. A noise within.*

*Enter one of the* Guard.

*Guard.* Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs.
*Cleo.* Let him come in. [*Exit Guard.*
What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I'm marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter one of the* Guard, *with* Clown *bringing in a basket.*

*Guard.* This is the man.
*Cleo.* Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?
*Clown.* Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.
*Cleo.* Rememberest thou any that have died on't?
*Clown.* Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should

not do, but in the way of honesty : how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt,— truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm ; but he that will believe all that they say shall never be saved by half that they do : but this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

*Cleo.* Get thee hence ; farewell.

*Clown.* I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Sets down his basket.*

*Cleo.* Farewell.

*Clown.* You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

*Cleo.* Ay, ay ; farewell.

*Clown.* Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people ; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

*Cleo.* Take thou no care ; it shall be heeded.

*Clown.* Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

*Cleo.* Will it eat me ?

*Clown.* You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman : I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, it the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women ; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone ; farewell.

*Clown.* Yes, forsooth ; I wish you joy o' the worm.

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter* IRAS *with a robe, crown, &c.*

*Cleo.* Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have
Immortal longings in me : now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip :—
Yare, yare, good Iras ; quick.— Methinks I hear
Antony call ; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
T' excuse their after wrath : — husband, I come :
Now to that name my courage prove my title !
I'm fire and air ; my other elements
I give to baser life.— So,— have you done ?

Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian ; — Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall ?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

*Char.* Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain ; that I may say
The gods themselves do weep !

*Cleo.* This proves me base
If she first meet the curlèd Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have.— Come, thou mortal wretch,

[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied !

*Char.* O eastern star !

*Cleo.* Peace, peace !
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep ?

*Char.* O, break ! O, break !

*Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony ! — Nay, I will take thee too ; —

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*

What should I stay — [*Dies.*

*Char.* In this vile world ? — So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.— Downy windows, close ;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal ! — Your crown's awry ;
I'll mend it, and then play.

*Enter the* Guard, *rushing in.*

*First Guard.* Where is the queen ?

*Char.* Speak softly, wake her not.

*First Guard.* Cæsar hath sent —

*Char.* Too slow a messenger. [*Applies an asp.*
O, come apace, dispatch : I partly feel thee.
*First Guard.* Approach, ho ! All's not well : Cæsar's beguil'd.
*Sec. Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar ; call him.
*First Guard.* What work is here !— Charmian, is this well done ?
*Char.* It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier ! [*Dies.*

*Re-enter* DOLABELLA.

*Dol.* How goes it here ?
*Sec. Guard.* All dead.
*Dol.* Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this : thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.
*Within.* A way there, a way for Cæsar !

*Re-enter* CÆSAR *and his Train.*

*Dol.* O sir, you are too sure an augurer ;
That you did fear is done.
*Cæs.* Brav'st at the last,
She level'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.— The manner of their deaths ?
I do not see them bleed.
*Dol.* Who was last with them ?
*First Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her figs ;
This was his basket.
*Cæs.* Poison'd, then.
*First Guard.* O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now ; she stood and spake :
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress ; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.
*Cæs.* O, noble weakness !—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling : but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

*Dol.* Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown :
The like is on her arm.
*First Guard.* This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as th' aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.
*Cæs.* Most probable
That so she died ; for her physician tells me
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.— Take up her bed ;
And bear her women from the monument :—
She shall be buried by her Antony :
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them ; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral ;
And then to Rome.— Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

# PERICLES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTIOCHUS, king of Antioch.
PERICLES, prince of Tyre.
HELICANUS, } two lords of
ESCANES, } Tyre.
SIMONIDES, king of Pentapolis.
CLEON, governor of Tharsus.
LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mytilene.
CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus.
THALIARD, a lord of Antioch.
PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon.
LEONINE, servant to Dionyza.
Marshal.
A Pander.
BOULT, his servant.

The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.
THAISA, daughter to Simonides.
MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
LYCHORIDA, nurse to Marina.
A Bawd.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

DIANA.

GOWER, as Chorus.

SCENE—*Dispersedly in various countries.*

## ACT I.

*Enter* GOWER.

*Before the palace of Antioch.*

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales;

And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives :
The purchase is to make men glorious ,
*Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.*
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat ;
The fairest in all Syria,—
I tell you what mine authors say:
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace ;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke :—
Bad child ; worse father ! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none :
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow :
Which to prevent he made a law,—
To keep her still, and men in awe,—
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life :
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *Antioch. A room in the palace.*

*Enter* ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, *and* Attendants.

*Ant.* Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.

*Per.* I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.
*Ant.* Bring in our daughter, clothèd like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

*Music. Enter the* Daughter of Antiochus.

*Per.* See where she comes, apparel'd like the spring
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever raz'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
You gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!
*Ant.* Prince Pericles,—
*Per.* That would be son to great Antiochus.
*Ant.* Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometime famous princes like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
That, without covering, save yon field of stars,
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist.
*Per.* Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,

And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must;
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.
I'll make my will, then; and, as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;—
But my unspotted fire of love to you.
[*To the Daughter of Antiochus.*
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

*Ant.* Scorning advice,— read the conclusion, then:
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

*Daugh.* Of all say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!
Of all say'd yet, I wish thee happiness!

*Per.* Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage. [*Reads the riddle.*

"I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labor
I found that kindness in a father:
He's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you."

Sharp physic is the last: but O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?—
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
[*Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.*
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you,— now my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;

Who, fingr'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods, to hearken;
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

*Ant.* Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd:
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

*Per.* Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown:
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

*Ant.* [*aside*] Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the meaning:
But I will gloze with him.— Young Prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenor of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honor and your worth.

[*Exeunt all except Pericles.*

*Per.* How courtesy would seem to cover sin,

When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son
By your untimely claspings with your child,—
Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father;
And she an eater of her mother's flesh
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke:
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* ANTIOCHUS.

*Ant.* He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathèd manner;
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honor must keep high.—
Who attends us there?

*Enter* THALIARD.

*Thal.* Doth your highness call?
*Ant.* Thaliard,
You're of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy:
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

*Thal.* My lord,
'Tis done.
*Ant.* Enough.

*Enter a* Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
*Mess.* My lord, Prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*
*Ant.* As thou
Wilt live, fly after; and, like an arrow shot
From a well-experienc d archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
Unless thou say "Prince Pericles is dead."
*Thal.* My lord,
If I can get him within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness.
*Ant.* Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit Thal.*] Till Pericles be dead
My heart can lend no succor to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Tyre. A room in the palace.*

*Enter* PERICLES.

*Per.* [*to those without*] Let none disturb us.—Why should this charge of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
Be my so-us'd a guest as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night,—
The tomb where grief should sleep,— can breed me quiet?
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I fear'd, 's at Antioch,
Whose aim seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me:— the great Antiochus —
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great can make his will his act —
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;

Nor boots it me to say I honor him,
If he suspect I may dishonor him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with th' ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offense:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,—
Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,—
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

*Enter* HELICANUS *and other* Lords.

*First Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!
*Sec. Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!
*Hel.* Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.
*Per.* All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou
Hast movèd us: what seest thou in our looks?
*Hel.* An angry brow, dread lord.
*Per.* If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?
*Hel.* How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?
*Per.* Thou know'st I've power
To take thy life from thee.

*Hel.* [*kneeling*] I've ground the ax myself;
Do you but strike the blow.
*Per.* Rise, prithee, rise.
Sit down: thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults chid!
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?
*Hel.* To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.
*Per.* Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me, then: I went back to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest — hark in thine ear — as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:
And should he doubt it,— as no doubt he doth,—
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretense of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call't offense,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all,— of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it,—
*Hel.* Alas, sir!

*Per.* Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.
*Hel.* Well, my lord, since you've given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.
*Per.* I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?
*Hel.* We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.
*Per.* Tyre, I now look from thee, then, and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Tyre. An ante-chamber in the palace.*
*Enter* THALIARD.

*Thal.* So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous.— Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason for't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the inden-

ture of his oath to be one.— Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

*Enter* HELICANUS, ESCANES, *and other* Lords.

*Hel.* You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.
*Thal.* [*aside*] How! the king gone!
*Hel.* If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch,—
*Thal.* [*aside*] What from Antioch?
*Hel.* Royal Antiochus — on what cause I know not —
Took some displeasure at him,— at least he judg'd so;
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.
*Thal.* [*aside*] Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king's ears it must please,—
He scap'd the land, to perish at the seas.
I'll present myself.— Peace to the lords of Tyre!
*Hel.* Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.
*Thal.* From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.
*Hel.* We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Tharsus. A room in the* Governor's *house.*

*Enter* CLEON, DIONYZA, *and* Attendants.

*Cle.* My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

*Dio.* That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressèd lord, even such our griefs are;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

*Cle.* O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,
If heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll, then, discourse our woes, felt several years,
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

*Dio.* I'll do my best, sir.

*Cle.* This Tharsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city on whom Plenty held full hand,
For Riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

*Dio.* O, 'tis too true.

*Cle.* But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
Those mouths who but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers who, to nousle up their babes,
Thought naught too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.

So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

*Dio.* Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

*Cle.* O, let those cities that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

*Enter a* Lord.

*Lord.* Where's the lord governor?

*Cle.* Here.
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us t' expect.

*Lord.* We have descried, upon our neighboring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

*Cle.* I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighboring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

*Lord.* That's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favorers, not as foes.

*Cle.* Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat:
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground's the lowest, and we're half-way there.
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

*Lord.* I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Cle.* Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

*Enter* PERICLES *with* Attendants.

*Per.* Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be, like a beacon fir'd, t' amaze your eyes.
We've heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starv'd half dead.
*All.* The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.
*Per.* Rise, I pray you, rise:
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harborage for ourself, our ships, and men.
*Cle.* The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen,—
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.
*Per.* Which welcome we'll accept; feast here awhile,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

*Enter* GOWER.

*Gow.* Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet, then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.

The good in conversation —
To whom I give my benison —
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can ;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious :
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes ; what need speak I ?

DUMB-SHOW.

*Enter, from one side,* PERICLES, *talking with* CLEON; *their Trains with them. Enter, from the other side, a* Gentleman, *with a letter to* PERICLES; *who shows the letter to* CLEON ; *then gives the* Messenger *a reward, and knights him. Exeunt severally* PERICLES *and* CLEON, *with their Trains.*

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labors ; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive ;
And to fulfill his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre :
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And hid intent to murder him ;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease ;
For now the wind begins to blow ;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split ;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost :
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself ;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad :
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower, — this longs the text. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *Pentapolis. An open place by the sea-side.*

*Enter* PERICLES, *wet.*

*Per.* Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven !
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you ;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you :
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

*Enter three* Fishermen.

*First Fish.* What, ho, Pilch !

*Sec. Fish.* Ho, come and bring away the nets!

*First Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say !

*Third Fish.* What say you, master?

*First Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now ! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.

*Third Fish.* Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

*First Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

*Third Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say they're half-fish, half-flesh : a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

*First Fish.* Why, as men do a-land,— the great ones eat up the little ones : I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale ; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful : such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

*Per.* [*aside*] A pretty moral.

*Third Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

*Sec. Fish.* Why, man ?

*Third Fish.* Because he should have swallowed me too : and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

*Per.* [*aside*] Simonides !

*Third Fish.* He would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

*Per.* [*aside*] How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell th' infirmities of men ;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect ! —
Peace be at your labor, honest fishermen.

*Sec. Fish.* Honest ! good fellow, what's that ? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

*Per.* May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.

*Sec. Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way !

*Per.* A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him ;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

*First Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg ? Here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

*Sec. Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes, then ?

*Per.* I never practic'd it.

*Sec. Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure ; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

*Per.* What I have been I have forgot to know ;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on :
A man throng'd up with cold : my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help ;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

*First Fish.* Die quoth-a ? Now gods forbid ! I have a gown here ; come, put it on ; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow ! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days,

and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

*Per.* I thank you, sir.

*Sec. Fish.* Hark you, my friend,—you said you could not beg.

*Per.* I did but crave.

*Sec. Fish.* But crave! Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall scape whipping.

*Per.* Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

*Sec. Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle.—But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exit with Third Fisherman.*

*Per.* [*aside*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labor!

*First Fish.* Hark you, sir,—do you know where ye are?

*Per.* Not well.

*First Fish.* Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

*Per.* The good King Simonides, do you call him?

*First Fish.* Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.

*Per.* He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

*First Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

*Per.* Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

*First Fish.* O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.

*Re-enter* Second *and* Third Fishermen, *drawing up a net.*

*Sec. Fish.* Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armor.

*Per.* An armor, friends! I pray you, let me see it.—
Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all my crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;
And though it was mine own, part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,
"Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death;"—and pointed to this brace;—
"For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity—
The which the gods protect thee from!—'t may defend thee."
It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;
Till the rough seas, that spare nót any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given't again:
I thank thee for't; my shipwreck now's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in's will.

*First Fish.* What mean you, sir?

*Per.* To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

*First Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

*Per.* I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

*First Fish.* Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

*Sec. Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

*Per.* Believe't, I will.
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel;
And, spite of all the rapture of the sea,
This jewel holds his building on my arm:
Unto the value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—

Only, my friends, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

*Sec. Fish.* We'll sure provide thee: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

*Per.* Then honor be but a goal to my will,
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A public way or platform leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.*

*Enter* SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

*Sim.* Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

*First Lord.* They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

*Sim.* Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honor of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord*

*Thai.* It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

*Sim.* It's fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renown if not respected.
'Tis now your honor, daughter, to explain
The labor of each knight in his device.

*Thai.* Which, to preserve mine honor, I'll perform.

*Enter a* Knight; *he passes over, and his* Squire *presents his shield to the* Princess.

*Sim.* Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

*Thai.* A knight of Sparta, my renownèd father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

*Sim.* He loves you well that holds his life of you.
[*The Second Knight passes over*
Who is the second that presents himself?

*Thai.* A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield

Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady ;
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu por dulzura que por fuerza.* [*The Third Knight passes over.*
*Sim.* And what's the third ?
*Thai.* The third of Antioch ;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry ;
The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*
[*The Fourth Knight passes over.*
*Sim.* What is the fourth ?
*Thai.* A burning torch that's turnèd upside down ;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*
*Sim.* Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.
[*The Fifth Knight passes over.*
*Thai.* The fifth, an hand environèd with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried ;
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*
[*The Sixth Knight* (*Pericles*) *passes over.*
*Sim.* And what's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd ?
*Thai.* He seems to be a stranger ; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top ;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*
*Sim.* A pretty moral ;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.
*First Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend ;
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
T' have practic'd more the whipstock than the lance.
*Sec. Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honor'd triumph strangely furnishèd.
*Third Lord.* And on set purpose let his armor rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.
*Sim.* Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming : we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*
[*Great shouts within, all crying* "The mean knight!".

SCENE III. *The same. A hall of state; a banquet prepared.*

*Enter* SIMONIDES, THAISA, Ladies, Lords, Knights, *and* Attendants.

*Sim.* Knights,
To say you're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.
*Thai.* But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.
*Per.* 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.
*Sim.* Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labor'd scholar.—Come, queen o' the feast,—
For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.
*Knights.* We're honor'd much by good Simonides.
*Sim.* Your presence glads our days: honor we love;
For who hates honor hates the gods above.
*Marshal.* Sir, yonder is your place.
*Per.* Some other is more fit.
*First Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise.
*Per.* You are right courteous knights.
*Sim.* Sit, sir, sit,—
By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.
*Thai.* By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all viands that I eat
Do seem unsavory, wishing him my meat.
Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.
*Sim.* He's but a country gentleman;

Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

*Thai.* To me he seems like diamond to glass.

*Per.* Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy:
Where now his son's like glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

*Sim.* What, are you merry, knights?

*First Knight.* Who can be other in this royal presence?

*Sim.* Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,—
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—
We drink this health to you.

*Knights.* We thank your grace.

*Sim.* Yet pause awhile:
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

*Thai.* What is it
To me, my father?

*Sim.* O, attend, my daughter:
Princes, in this, should live like gods above.
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honor them:
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make his entertain more sweet,
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

*Thai.* Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offense,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

*Sim.* How!
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

*Thai.* [*aside*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.
*Sim.* And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.
*Thai.* The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.
*Per.* I thank him.
*Thai.* Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
*Per.* I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.
*Thai.* And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
*Per.* A gentleman of Tyre,— my name, Pericles ;
My education been in arts and arms ;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,—
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.
*Thai.* He thanks your grace ; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.
*Sim.* Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.—
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armors, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.
[*The Knights dance.*
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.—
Come, sir ;
Here is a lady that wants breathing too :
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip ;
And that their measures are as excellent.
*Per.* In those that practice them they are, my lord.
*Sim.* O, that's as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy. [*The Knights and Ladies dance.*
Unclasp, unclasp :
Thanks, gentlemen, to all ; all have done well,

[*To Pericles*] But you the best.— Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings ! — [*To Pericles*] Yours, sir,
We've given order to be next our own.
*Per.* I am at your grace's pleasure.
*Sim.* Princes, it is too late to talk of love ;
And that's the mark I know you level at :
Therefore each one betake him to his rest ;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Tyre. A room in the* Governor's *house.*

*Enter* HELICANUS *and* ESCANES.

*Hel.* No, Escanes ; know this of me,—
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free :
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offense,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivel'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing ; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.
*Esca.* 'Twas very strange.
*Hel.* And yet but justice ; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin hath his reward.
*Esca.* 'Tis very true.

*Enter two or three* Lords.

*First Lord.* See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he.
*Sec. Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.
*Third Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not second it.
*First Lord.* Follow me, then.— Lord Helicane, a word.
*Hel.* With me ? and welcome : — happy day, my lords.
*First Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

*Hel.* Your griefs! for what? wrong not the prince you love.

*First Lord.* Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolv'd he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

*Sec. Lord.* Whose death's indeed the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,—
Like goodly buildings left without a roof,—
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,— our sovereign.

*All.* Live, noble Helicane!

*Hel.* For honor's cause, forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with agèd patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

*First Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavor it.

*Hel.* Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Pentapolis. A room in the palace.*

*Enter* SIMONIDES, *reading a letter: the* Knights *meet him.*

*First Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.

*Sim.* Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.

*Sec. Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord?

*Sim.* Faith, by no means: she hath so strictly tied her
To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honor will not break it.

*Third Knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves.
[*Exeunt Knights.*

*Sim.* So,
They're well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well: — nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.—
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

*Enter* PERICLES.

*Per.* All fortune to the good Simonides!

*Sim.* To you as much, sir! I'm beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

*Per.* It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.

*Sim.* Sir, you are music's master.

*Per.* The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

*Sim.* Let me ask you one thing:
What do you think of my daughter, sir?

*Per.* A most virtuous princess.

*Sim.* And she is fair too, is she not?

*Per.* As a fair day in summer,— wondrous fair.

*Sim.* Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;

Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.
*Per.* I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.
*Sim.* She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
*Per.* [*aside*] What's here?
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.—
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressèd gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honor her.
*Sim.* Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.
*Per.* By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offense;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.
*Sim.* Traitor, thou liest.
*Per.* Traitor!
*Sim.* Ay, traitor.
*Per.* Even in his throat — unless it be the king —
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
*Sim.* [*aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage
*Per.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honor's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honor's enemy.
*Sim.* No?
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

*Enter* THAISA.

*Per.* Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.
*Thai.* Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offense at that would make me glad?
*Sim.* Yea, mistress, are you so perèmptory? —

[*Aside*] I am glad on't with all my heart.—
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger? — [*aside*] who, for aught I know,
May be — nor can I think the contrary —
As great in blood as I myself.—
Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine,— and you, sir, hear you,
Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you —
Man and wife: —
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too;
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy; —
And for a further grief,— God give you joy!—
What, are you both pleas'd?

*Thai.* Yes,— if you love me, sir.

*Per.* Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.

*Sim.* What, are you both agreed?

*Both.* Yes, if't please your majesty.

*Sim.* It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;
And then with what haste you can get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

*Enter* GOWER.

*Gow.* Now sleep yslakèd hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
Aye the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is molded.— Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly eche:
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

DUMB-SHOW.

*Enter, from one side,* PERICLES *and* SIMONIDES *with* Attendants; *a* Messenger *meets them, kneels, and gives* PERICLES *a letter: he shows it to* SIMONIDES; *the* Lords *kneel to* PERICLES. *Then enter* THAISA *with child, and* LYCHORIDA. SIMONIDES *shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and* PERICLES *take leave of her father, and depart with* LYCHORIDA *and their* Attendants. *Then exeunt* SIMONIDES *and the rest.*

By many a dern and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre —
Fame answering the most strange inquire —
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenor these: —
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Yravishèd the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
"Our hair-apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire —
Which who shall cross? — along to go: —

Omit we all their dole and woe: —
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood
Varies again; the grisly north,
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives:
The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near,
Does fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey;
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.*

## SCENE I.

*Enter* PERICLES, *on shipboard.*

*Per.* Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having recall'd them from the deep! O, still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! — O, how, Lychorida,
How does my queen? —Thou stormest venomously;
Wilt thou spit all thyself? — The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.— Lychorida! — Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travail!

*Enter* LYCHORIDA, *with an Infant.*

Now, Lychorida!

*Lyc.* Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I

Am like to do : take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.
*Per.* How, how, Lychorida!
*Lyc.* Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter : for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.
*Per.* O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honor with you.
*Lyc.* Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.
*Per.* Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blusterous birth had never babe :
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb : even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here.— Now, the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon't!

*Enter two* Sailors.

*First Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you!
*Per.* Courage enough : I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new seafarer,
I would it would be quiet.
*First Sail.* Slack the bolins there! — Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.
*Sec. Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.
*First Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard : the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.
*Per.* That's your superstition.
*First Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been

still observed; and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.

*Per.* As you think meet.— Most wretched queen!

*Lyc.* Here she lies, sir.

*Per.* A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: th' unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells.— O Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.
[*Exit Lychorida.*

*Sec. Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, calked and bitumed ready.

*Per.* I thank thee.— Mariner, say what coast is this?

*Sec. Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

*Per.* Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

*Sec. Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

*Per.* O, make for Tharsus!—
There I will visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it
At careful nursing.— Go thy ways, good mariner:
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Ephesus. A room in* CERIMON'S *house.*

*Enter* CERIMON, *a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.*

*Cer.* Philemon, ho!

*Enter* PHILEMON.

*Phil.* Doth my lord call?

*Cer.* Get fire and meat for these poor men:
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

*Serv.* I've been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.
*Cer.* Your master will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him.—[*To Philemon*] Give this to the pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [*Exeunt all except Cerimon.*

*Enter two* Gentlemen.

*First Gent.* Good morrow.
*Sec. Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.
*Cer.* Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?
*First Gent.* Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to-topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.
*Sec. Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.
*Cer.* O, you say well.
*First Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.
*Cer.* I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have—
Together with my practice—made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight

Than to be thirsty after tottering honor,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.
*Sec. Gent.* Your honor has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd :
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never raze.

*Enter two or three* Servants *with a chest.*

*First Serv.* So ; lift there.
*Cer.* What is that ?
*First Serv.* Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest :
'Tis of some wreck.
*Cer.* Set't down, let's look upon't.
*Sec. Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.
*Cer.* Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight :
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.
*Sec. Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.
*Cer.* How close 'tis calk'd and bitum'd ! —
Did the sea cast it up ?
*First Serv.* I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.
*Cer.* Wrench it open ;
Soft ! — it smells most sweetly in my sense.
*Sec. Gent.* A delicate odor.
*Cer.* As ever hit my nostril.— So, up with it.—
O you most potent gods ! what's here ? a corse !
*First Gent.* Most strange !
*Cer.* Shrouded in cloth of state ; balm'd and entreasur'd
With full bags of spices ! A passport too ! —
Apollo, perfect me in the characters ! [*Reads from a scroll.*

" Here I give to understand,—
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,—
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying ;
She was the daughter of a king :

Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!"

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-night.
*Sec. Gent.* Most likely, sir.
*Cer.* Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks!—They were too rough
That threw her in the sea.—Make a fire within:
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.—[*Exit a Servant.*
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliances recover'd.

*Re-enter a* Servant, *with boxes, napkins, and fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.—
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The viol once more:—how thou stirr'st, thou block!—
The music there!—I pray you, give her air.—
Gentlemen, this queen will live: nature awakes;
A warmth breathes out of her: she hath not been
Entranc'd above five hours: see how she gins
To blow into life's flower again!
*First Gent.* The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.
*Cer.* She's alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part
Their fringes of bright gold; the diamonds
Of a most praisèd water do appear,
To make the world twice rich.—O, live, and make
Us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*
*Thai.* O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?
*Sec. Gent.* Is not this strange?
*First Gent.* Most rare.
*Cer.* Hush, my gentle neighbors!

Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying out Thaisa.*

SCENE III. *Tharsus. A room in the* Governor's *house.*

*Enter* PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, *and* LYCHORIDA *with* MARINA *in her arms.*

*Per.* Most honor'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

*Cle.* Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

*Dion.* O your sweet queen!
That the strict Fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither,
T' have bless'd mine eyes with her!

*Per.* We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina,— whom,
For she was born at sea, I've nam'd so,— here
I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

*Cle.* Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,—
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,—
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

*Per.* I believe you;

Your honor and your goodness teach me to't,
Without your vows.— Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honor, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessèd in your care
In bringing up my child.
*Dion.* I've one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect
Than yours, my lord.
*Per.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.
*Cle.* We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o' the shore,
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.
*Per.* I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam.— O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.— Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Ephesus. A room in* CERIMON'S *house.*

*Enter* CERIMON *and* THAISA.

*Cer.* Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now
At your command. Know you the character?
*Thai.* It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I will remember,
Even on my eaning time; but whether there
Deliver'd, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.
*Cer.* Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.
*Thai.* My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

*Enter* GOWER.

*Gow.* Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters ; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack,
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earnèd praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage-rite ; this maid
Hight Philoten : and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be :
Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk ;
Or when she would with sharp neeld wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it ; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan ; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian ; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina : so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare

For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursèd Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. Th' unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry wingèd time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *Tharsus. An open place near the sea-shore.*

*Enter* DIONYZA *and* LEONINE.

*Dion.* Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't:
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose,
*Leon.* I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.
*Dion.* The fitter, then, the gods should have her.—
Here
She comes weeping for her only mistress' death.—
Thou art resolv'd?
*Leon.* I am resolv'd.

*Enter* MARINA, *with a basket of flowers.*

*Mar.* No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers; the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last.— Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

*Dion.* How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord, how your favor's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe! Come,
Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.— Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.
*Mar.* No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.
*Dion.* Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.
*Mar.* Well, I will go;
But yet I've no desire to it.
*Dion.* Come, come,
I know 'tis good for you.—
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:
Remember what I've said.
*Leon.* I warrant you, madam.
*Dion.* I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while:
Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.
*Mar.* My thanks, sweet madam.—
[*Exit Dionyza.*
Is this wind westerly that blows?
*Leon.* South-west.
*Mar.* When I was born, the wind was north.
*Leon.* Was't so?
*Mar.* My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried "Good seamen!" to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands, haling ropes;

And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck.
*Leon.* When was this?
*Mar.* When I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. "Ha!" says one, "wilt out?"
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.
*Leon.* Come, say your prayers.
*Mar.* What mean you?
*Leon.* If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious, for
The gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.
*Mar.* Why will you kill me?
*Leon.* To satisfy my lady.
*Mar.* Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life:
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm once 'gainst my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?
*Leon.* My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.
*Mar.* You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favor'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.
*Leon.* I am sworn,
And will dispatch.

*Enter* Pirates, *whilst* MARINA *is struggling.*

*First Pirate.* Hold, villain! [*Leonine runs away.*

*Sec. Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

*Third Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have her aboard suddenly. [*Exeunt Pirates with Marina.*

*Re-enter* LEONINE.

*Leon.* These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea.— But I'll see further:
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Mytilene. A room in a brothel.*

*Enter* Pander, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

*Pand.* Boult,—

*Boult.* Sir?

*Pand.* Search the market narrowly; Mytilene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

*Bawd.* We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action are even as good as rotten.

*Pand.* Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

*Bawd.* Thou sayest true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,— as, I think, I have brought up some eleven,—

*Boult.* Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again.— But shall I search the market?

*Bawd.* What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

*Pand.* Thou sayest true; they're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

*Boult.* Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms.— But I'll go search the market. [*Exit.*

*Pand.* Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

*Bawd.* Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

*Pand.* O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

*Bawd.* Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

*Pand.* As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling.— But here comes Boult.

*Re-enter* BOULT, *with* MARINA *and the* Pirates.

*Boult.* [*to Marina*] Come your ways.— My masters, you say she's a virgin?

*First Pirate.* O, sir, we doubt it not.

*Boult.* Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

*Bawd.* Boult, has she any qualities?

*Boult.* She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

*Bawd.* What's her price, Boult?

*Boult.* I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

*Pand.* Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently.— Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. [*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*

*Bawd.* Boult, take you the marks of her,— the color of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, "He that will give most shall have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

*Boult.* Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*

*Mar.* Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates —
Not enough barbarous — had not o'erboard thrown me
For to seek my mother!

*Bawd.* Why lament you, pretty one?

*Mar.* That I am pretty,

*Bawd.* Come, the gods have done their part in you.

*Mar.* I accuse them not.

*Bawd.* You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

*Mar.* The more my fault,
To scape his hands where I was like to die.

*Bawd.* Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

*Mar.* No.

*Bawd.* Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions: you shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

*Mar.* Are you a woman?

*Bawd.* What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

*Mar.* An honest woman, or not a woman.

*Bawd.* Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

*Mar.* The gods defend me!

*Bawd.* If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.— Boult's returned.

*Re-enter* BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

*Boult.* I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice,

*Bawd.* And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

*Boult.* Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

*Bawd.* We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

*Boult.* To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

*Bawd.* Who, Monsieur Veroles?

*Boult.* Ay: he offered to cut a caper at the proclama-

tion; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

*Bawd.* Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

*Boult.* Well, if we had of every nation a traveler, we should lodge them with this sign.

*Bawd.* [*to Mar.*] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you.— Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; to despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

*Mar.* I understand you not.

*Boult.* O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

*Bawd.* Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

*Boult.* Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

*Bawd.* Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

*Boult.* I may so.

*Bawd.* Who should deny it? — Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

*Boult.* Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

*Bawd.* Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

*Boult.* I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

*Bawd.* Come your ways; follow me.

*Mar.* If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

*Bawd.* What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Tharsus. A room in the* Governor's *house.*

*Enter* CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

*Dion.* Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?
*Cle.* O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!
*Dion.* I think
You'll turn a child again.
*Cle.* Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed.— O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' th' earth
I' the justice of compare! — O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too:
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?
*Dion.* That she is dead. Nurses are not the Fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out
"She died by foul play."
*Cle.* O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.
*Dion.* Be one of those that think
The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.
*Cle.* To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent he did not flow
From honorable sources.
*Dion.* Be't so then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know now, Leonine being gone.
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,

Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to our sole daughter.

*Cle.* Heavens forgive it!

*Dion.* And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

*Cle.* Thou'rt like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

*Dion.* You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* GOWER, *before the monument of* MARINA *at Tharsus.*

*Gow.* Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for't;
Making — to take your imagination —
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you,
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tharsus — think his pilot thought;

So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on —
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

DUMB-SHOW.

*Enter, from one side,* PERICLES *with his Train; from the other,* CLEON *and* DIONYZA. CLEON *shows* PERICLES *the tomb of* MARINA; *whereat* PERICLES *makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt* CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through and biggest tears o'ershower'd,
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*

"The fairest, sweet'st, and best lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' th' earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does — and swears she'll never stint —
Make raging battery upon shores of flint."

No visor doth become black villainy
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be orderèd
By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day

In her unholy service. Patience, then,
And think you now are all in Mytilen. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Mytilene. A street before the brothel.*

*Enter, from the brothel, two* Gentlemen.

*First Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

*Sec. Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

*First Gent.* But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

*Sec. Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: — shall's go hear the vestals sing?

*First Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A room in the brothel.*

*Enter* Pander, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

*Pand.* Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

*Bawd.* Fie, fie upon her! she's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

*Boult.* Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

*Pand.* Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

*Bawd.* Faith, there's no way to be rid on't but by the way to the pox.— Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

*Boult.* We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

*Enter* LYSIMACHUS.

*Lys.* How now! How a dozen of virginities?

*Bawd.* Now, the gods to-bless your honor!

*Boult.* I am glad to see your honor in good health.

*Lys.* You may so; 'tis the better for you that your re-

sorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity! Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

*Bawd.* We have here one, sir, if she would — but there never came her like in Mytilene.

*Lys.* If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

*Bawd.* Your honor knows what 'tis to say well enough.

*Lys.* Well, call forth, call forth.

*Boult.* For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but —

*Lys.* What, prithee?

*Boult.* O, sir, I can be modest.

*Lys.* That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste. [*Exit Boult.*

*Bawd.* Here comes that which grows to the stalk,— never plucked yet, I can assure you.

*Re-enter* BOULT *with* MARINA.

Is she not a fair creature?

*Lys.* Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you: — leave us.

*Bawd.* I beseech your honor, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

*Lys.* I beseech you, do.

*Bawd.* [*to Marina*] First, I would have you note, this is an honorable man.

*Mar.* I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

*Bawd.* Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

*Mar.* If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honorable he is in that, I know not.

*Bawd.* Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

*Mar.* What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

*Lys.* Ha' you done?

*Bawd.* My lord, she's not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage.— Come, we will leave his honor and her together.— Go thy ways.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and Boult.*

*Lys.* Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

*Mar.* What trade, sir?

*Lys.* Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.

*Mar.* I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

*Lys.* How long have you been of this profession?

*Mar.* E'er since I can remember.

*Lys.* Did you go to't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

*Mar.* Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

*Lys.* Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

*Mar.* Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into't? I hear say you are of honorable parts, and are the governor of this place.

*Lys.* Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

*Mar.* Who is my principal?

*Lys.* Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

*Mar.* If you were born to honor, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

*Lys.* How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.

*Mar.* For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Have plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,—
O, that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

*Lys.* I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,

Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, there's gold for thee:
Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

*Mar.* The good gods preserve you!

*Lys.* For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savor vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold, here's more gold for thee.—
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

*Re-enter* BOULT.

*Boult.* I beseech your honor, one piece for me.

*Lys.* Avaunt, thou damnèd doorkeeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away! [*Exit.*

*Boult.* How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

*Mar.* Whither would you have me?

*Boult.* I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

*Re-enter* Bawd.

*Bawd.* How now! what's the matter?

*Boult.* Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

*Bawd.* O abominable!

*Boult.* She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

*Bawd.* Marry, hang her up for ever!

*Boult.* The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

*Bawd.* Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure:

crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

*Boult.* An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be plowed.

*Mar.* Hark, hark, you gods!

*Bawd.* She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! — She's born to undo us.—Will you not go the way of womenkind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit.*

*Boult.* Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

*Mar.* Whither wilt thou have me?

*Boult.* To take away from you the jewel you hold so dear.

*Mar.* Prithee, tell me one thing first.

*Boult.* Come now, your one thing.

*Mar.* What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

*Boult.* Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather my mistress.

*Mar.* Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou holdst a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damnèd doorkeeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;
To the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

*Boult.* What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

*Mar.* Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear.— O, that the gods
Would safely from this place deliver me! —
Here, here's gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,

With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

*Boult.* But can you teach all this you speak of?

*Mar.* Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

*Boult.* Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

*Mar.* But amongst honest women.

*Boult.* Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

*Enter* GOWER.

*Gow.* Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admirèd lays;
Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her neeld composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses;
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursèd bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost:
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervor hies.

In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles ; think this his bark :
Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd ; please you, sit, and hark. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *On board* PERICLES' *ship, off Mytilene. A pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it;* PERICLES *within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

*Enter two* Sailors, *one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them* HELICANUS.

*Tyr. Sail.* [*To the Sailor of Mytilene.*] Where is Lord Helicane? he can resolve you.
O, here he is.—
Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?
*Hel.* That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.
*Tyr. Sail.* Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

*Enter two or three* Gentlemen.

*First Gent.* Doth your lordship call?
*Hel.* Gentlemen, there's some of worth would come aboard:
I pray ye, greet them fairly.
[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*

*Enter, from thence,* LYSIMACHUS *and* Lords, *with the* Gentlemen *and the two* Sailors.

*Tyr. Sail.* Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.
*Lys.* Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!
*Hel.* And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.
*Lys.* You wish me well.
Being on shore, honoring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.
*Hel.* First, what is your place?

*Lys.* I am the governor
Of this place you lie before.
*Hel.* Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king ;
A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue his grief.
*Lys.* Upon what ground is his distemperature ?
*Hel.* 'Twould be too tedious to repeat ;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a belovèd daughter and a wife.
*Lys.* May we not see him ?
*Hel.* You may ;
But bootless is your sight,— he will not speak
To any.
*Lys.* Yet let me obtain my wish.
*Hel.* Behold him. [*Draws the curtain, and discovers Pericles.*] This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.
*Lys.* Sir king, all hail ! the gods preserve you !
Hail, royal sir !
*Hel.* It is in vain ; he will not speak to you.
*First Lord.* Sir,
We have a maid in Mytilen, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.
*Lys.* 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd :
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And, with her fellow maids, is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side. [*Whispers First Lord; who goes off in the barge of Lysimachus.*
*Hel.* Sure, all's effectless ; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

*Lys.* O, sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so afflict our province.— Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.
*Hel.* Sit, sir ; I will recount it to you :—
But, see, I am prevented.

*Re-enter, from the barge,* First Lord, *with* MARINA *and a young* Lady.

*Lys.* O, here is
The lady that I sent for.— Welcome, fair one !—
Is't not a goodly presence ?
*Hel.* She's a gallant lady.
*Lys.* She's such a one, that, were I well assur'd
Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.—
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient :
If that thy prosperous-artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.
*Mar.* Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffered to come near him.
*Lys.* Come, let's leave her ;
And the gods make her prosperous ! [*Marina sings.*
*Lys.* Mark'd he your music ?
*Mar.* No, nor look'd on us.
*Lys.* See, she will speak to him.
*Mar.* Hail, sir ! my lord, lend ear.
*Per.* Hum, ha !
*Mar.* I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on like a comet : she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,

My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.— [*Aside*] I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he speak."
*Per.* My fortunes — parentage — good parentage —
To equal mine! — was it not thus? what say you?
*Mar.* I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.
*Per.* I do think so.— Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are like something that —What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?
*Mar.* No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.
*Per.* I'm great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cased as richly; in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech.— Where do you live?
*Mar.* Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.
*Per.* Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?
*Mar.* If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.
*Per.* Prithee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,—
Which was when I perceiv'd thee,— that thou cam'st
From good descending?

*Mar.* So indeed I did.
*Per.* Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.
*Mar.* Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.
*Per.* Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou'rt a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.
*Mar.* My name is Marina.
*Per.* O I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensèd god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.
*Mar.* Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.
*Per.* Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.
*Mar.* The name
Was given me by one that had some power,—
My father, and a king.
*Per.* How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?
*Mar.* You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.
*Per.* But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion!—Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?
*Mar.* Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.
*Per.* At sea! what mother?
*Mar.* My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born,

As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.
*Per.* O, stop there a little! —
[*Aside*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter's buried.— Well: — where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.
*Mar.* You'll scarce believe me;
'Twere best I did give o'er.
*Per.* I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave: —
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?
*Mar.* The king my father did in Tharsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of pirates came and rescu'd me;
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,
You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.
*Per.* Ho, Helicanus!
*Hel.* Calls my lord?
*Per.* Thou art a grave and noble counselor:
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?
*Hel.* I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her.
*Lys.* She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.
*Per.* O Helicanus, strike me, honor'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness.— O, come hither,
Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,

And found at sea again! — O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank th' holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.
*Mar.* First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?
*Per.* I'm Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name,— as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect,—
The heir of kingdoms, and another like
To Pericles thy father.
*Mar.* Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.
*Per.* Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.—
Give me fresh garments.— Mine own, Helicanus,—
She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
She is thy very princess.— Who is this?
*Hel.* Sir, 'tis the governor of Mytilene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.
*Per.* I embrace you, sir.
Give me my robes.— I'm wild in my beholding.—
O heavens bless my girl! — But, hark, what music? —
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.— But, what music?
*Hel.* My lord, I hear none.
*Per.* None!
The music of the spheres! — List, my Marina.
*Lys.* It is not good to cross him; give him way.
*Per.* Rar'st sounds! Do ye not hear?
*Lys.* My lord, I hear. [*Music.*
*Per.* Most heavenly music!
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [*Sleeps.*
*Lys.* A pillow for his head: —

So, leave him all.— Well, my companion friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you. [*Exeunt all except Pericles.*

DIANA *appears.*

*Dia.* My temple stands in Ephesus : hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.
Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe ;
Do it, and happy ; by my silver bow !
Away, and tell thy dream. [*Disappears.*

*Per.* Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee.— Helicanus !

*Re-enter* HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, MARINA, *&c.*

*Hel.* Sir ?

*Per.* My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
Th' inhospitable Cleon ; but I am
For other service first : toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails ; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—
[*To Lysimachus*] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need ?

*Lys.* Sir,
With all my heart ; and, when you come ashore,
I have another suit.

*Per.* You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter ; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

*Lys.* Sir, lend me your arm.

*Per.* Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* GOWER, *before the temple of* DIANA *at Ephesus.*

*Gow.* Now our sands are almost run ;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, give me,—
For such kindness must relieve me,

That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mytilin,
To greet the king. So he thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancies' thankful doom. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The temple of* DIANA *at Ephesus;* THAISA *standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side;* CERIMON *and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

*Enter* PERICLES, *with his Train;* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and a* Lady.

*Per.* Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy siver livery. She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; who at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.
*Thai.* Voice and favor! —
You are, you are,— O royal Pericles!— [*Faints.*
*Per.* What means the nun? she dies! help, gentlemen!
*Cer.* Noble sir,

If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.
*Per.* Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.
*Cer.* Upon this coast, I warrant you.
*Per.* 'Tis most certain.
*Cer.* Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.—
Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple.
*Per.* May we see them?
*Cer.* Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you.— Look, Thaisa is
Recover'd.
*Thai.* O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing.— O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?
*Per.* The voice of dead Thaisa!
*Thai.* That Thaisa am I, supposèd dead
And drown'd.
*Per.* Immortal Dian!
*Thai.* Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring. [*Shows a ring.*
*Per.* This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sport: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen.— O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.
*Mar.* My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
[*Kneels to Thaisa.*
*Per.* Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.

*Thai.* Bless'd, and mine own!
*Hel.* Hail, madam, and my queen!
*Thai.* I know you not.
*Per.* You've heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute:
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I've nam'd him oft.
*Thai.* 'Twas Helicanus then.
*Per.* Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserv'd; and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.
*Thai.* Lord Cerimon, my lord; this is the man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power, that can
From first to last resolve you.
*Per.* Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?
*Cer.* I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placèd here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.
*Per.* Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I
Will offer night-oblations to thee.— Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothèd of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis.— And now,
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.
*Thai.* Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father's dead.
*Per.* Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.—
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead's the way. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* GOWER.

*Gow.* In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward :
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last:
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learnèd charity aye wears:
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursèd deed, and honor'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn;
The gods for murder seemèd so content
To punish them,— although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you ! Here our play has ending.
[*Exit.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

# TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIAM, king of Troy.
HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, HELENUS, } his sons.
MARGARELON, a bastard son of Priam.
ÆNEAS, ANTENOR, } Trojan commanders.
CALCHAS, a Trojan priest taking part with the Greeks.
PANDARUS, uncle to Cressida.
AGAMEMNON, the Grecian general.
MENELAUS, his brother.
THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.

ACHILLES, AJAX, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, PATROCLUS, } Grecian commanders.
ALEXANDER, servant to Cressida.
Servant to Troilus.
Servant to Paris.
Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, wife to Menelaus.
ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector.
CASSANDRA, daughter of Priam; a prophetess.
CRESSIDA, daughter of Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—*Troy, and the Grecian camp before it.*

## PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war : sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia : and their vow is made
To ransack Troy ; within whose strong immures

The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruisèd Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard: — and hither am I come
A prologue arm'd,— but not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *Troy. Before* PRIAM'S *palace.*

*Enter* TROILUS *armed, and* PANDARUS.

*Tro.* Call here my varlet; I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field: Troilus, alas, hath none!
*Pan.* Will this gear ne'er be mended?
*Tro.* The Greeks are strong, and skillful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skilless as unpractic'd infancy.
*Pan.* Well, I have told you enough of this: for my

part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

*Tro.* Have I not tarried?

*Pan.* Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

*Tro.* Have I not tarried?

*Pan.* Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

*Tro.* Still have I tarried.

*Pan.* Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word "hereafter" the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

*Tro.* Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—"when she comes!"—When is she thence?

*Pan.* Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

*Tro.* I was about to tell thee,—when my heart,
As wedgèd with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,—
I have—as when the sun doth light a storm—
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

*Pan.* An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's,—well, go to,—there were no more comparison between the women,—but, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but—

*Tro.* O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, "she is fair;"
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure

The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of plowman! — this thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

*Pan.* I speak no more than truth.

*Tro.* Thou dost not speak so much.

*Pan.* Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

*Tro.* Good Pandarus,— how now, Pandarus!

*Pan.* I have had my labor for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labor.

*Tro.* What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

*Pan.* Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

*Tro.* Say I she is not fair?

*Pan.* I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

*Tro.* Pandarus,—

*Pan.* Not I.

*Tro.* Sweet Pandarus,—

*Pan.* Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit Pandarus. Alarum.*

*Tro.* Peace, you ungracious clamors! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus,— O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

*Alarum. Enter* ÆNEAS.

*Æne.* How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not a-field?
*Tro.* Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?
*Æne.* That Paris is returnèd home, and hurt.
*Tro.* By whom, Æneas?
*Æne.* Troilus, by Menelaus.
*Tro.* Let Paris bleed; 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*
*Æne.* Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!
*Tro.* Better at home, if "would I might" were "may."—
But to the sport abroad:— are you bound thither?
*Æne.* In all swift haste.
*Tro.* Come, go we, then, together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A street.*

*Enter* CRESSIDA *and* ALEXANDER.

*Cres.* Who were those went by?
*Alex.* Queen Hecuba and Helen.
*Cres.* And whither go they?
*Alex.* Up to th' eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armorer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.
*Cres.* What was his cause of anger?

*Alex.* The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

*Cres.* Good; and what of him?

*Alex.* They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

*Cres.* So do all men,— unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

*Alex.* This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humors, that his valor is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

*Cres.* But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

*Alex.* They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

*Cres.* Who comes here?

*Alex.* Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

*Enter* PANDARUS.

*Cres.* Hector's a gallant man.

*Alex.* As may be in the world, lady.

*Pan.* What's that? what's that?

*Cres.* Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

*Pan.* Good morrow, cousin Cressid; what do you talk of? — Good morrow, Alexander. — How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

*Cres.* This morning, uncle.

*Pan.* What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector armed and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

*Cres.* Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

*Pan.* E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

*Cres.* That were we talking of, and of his anger.

*Pan.* Was he angry?

*Cres.* So he says here.

*Pan.* True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

*Cres.* What, is he angry too?

*Pan.* Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

*Cres.* O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

*Pan.* What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

*Cres.* Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

*Pan.* Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

*Cres.* Then you say as I say: for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

*Pan.* No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

*Cres.* 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

*Pan.* Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were,—

*Cres.* So he is,

*Pan.* Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

*Cres.* He is not Hector.

*Pan.* Himself! no, he's not himself:—would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend or end: well, Troilus, well,—I would my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

*Cres.* Excuse me.

*Pan.* He is elder.

*Cres.* Pardon me, pardon me.

*Pan.* Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year,—

*Cres.* He shall not need it, if he have his own.

*Pan.* Nor his qualities,—

*Cres.* No matter.

*Pan.* Nor his beauty.

*Cres.* 'Twould not become him,— his own's better.

*Pan.* You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favor—for so 'tis, I must confess,—not brown neither,—

*Cres.* No, but brown.

*Pan.* Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

*Cres.* To say the truth, true and not true.

*Pan.* She praised his complexion above Paris.

*Cres.* Why, Paris hath color enough.

*Pan.* So he has.

*Cres.* Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having color enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

*Pan.* I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

*Cres.* Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

*Pan.* Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window,— and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin —

*Cres.* Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

*Pan.* Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

*Cres.* Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

*Pan.* But, to prove to you that Helen loves him,— she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin —

*Cres.* Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

*Pan.* Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

*Cres.* O, he smiles valiantly.

*Pan.* Does he not?

*Cres.* O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

*Pan.* Why, go to, then: — but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

*Cres.* Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

*Pan.* Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

*Cres.* If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

*Pan.* I can not choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin; — indeed, she has a marvel's white hand, I must needs confess,—

*Cres.* Without the rack.

*Pan.* And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

*Cres.* Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

*Pan.* But there was such laughing! — Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er,—

*Cres.* With mill-stones.

*Pan.* And Cassandra laughed,—

*Cres.* But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: — did her eyes run o'er too?

*Pan.* And Hector laughed.

*Cres.* At what was all this laughing?

*Pan.* Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

*Cres.* An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

*Pan.* They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

*Cres.* What was his answer?

*Pan.* Quoth she, "Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white."

*Cres.* This is her question.

*Pan.* That's true; make no question of that. "One and fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris my husband?" "The forked one," quoth he; "pluck't out, and give it him." But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

*Cres.* So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

*Pan.* Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

*Cres.* So I do.

*Pan.* I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

*Cres.* And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*

*Pan.* Hark! they are coming from the field: shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do,— sweet niece Cressida.

*Cres.* At your pleasure.

*Pan.* Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we

may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

*Cres.* Speak not so loud.

ÆNEAS *passes.*

*Pan.* That's Æneas: is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

ANTENOR *passes.*

*Cres.* Who's that?

*Pan.* That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person.— When comes Troilus? — I'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

*Cres.* Will he give you the nod?

*Pan.* You shall see.

*Cres.* If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR *passes.*

*Pan.* That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow! — Go thy way, Hector! — There's a brave man, niece.— O brave Hector! — Look how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

*Cres.* O, a brave man!

*Pan.* Is 'a not? it does a man's heart good: — look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

*Cres.* Be those with swords?

*Pan.* Swords! any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good.— Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris:

PARIS *passes.*

look ye yonder, niece; is't not a gallant man too, is't not? — Why, this is brave now.— Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! — Would I could see Troilus now! — You shall see Troilus anon.

HELENUS *passes.*

*Cres.* Who's that?

*Pan.* That's Helenus : — I marvel where Troilus is : — that's Helenus : — I think he went not forth to-day : — that's Helenus.

*Cres.* Can Helenus fight, uncle ?

*Pan.* Helenus ! no ; — yes, he'll fight indifferent well. — I marvel where Troilus is.— Hark ! do you not hear the people cry " Troilus " ? — Helenus is a priest.

*Cres.* What sneaking fellow comes yonder ?

TROILUS *passes.*

*Pan.* Where ? yonder ? that's Deiphobus : —'tis Troilus ! there's a man, niece ! — Hem ! — Brave Troilus ! the prince of chivalry !

*Cres.* Peace, for shame, peace !

*Pan.* Mark him ; note him : — O brave Troilus ! — look well upon him, niece : look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's ; and how he looks, and how he goes ! — O admirable youth ! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty.— Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way ! — Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man ! Paris ? — Paris is dirt to him ; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

*Cres.* Here comes more.

Forces *pass.*

*Pan.* Asses, fools, dolts ! chaff and bran, chaff and bran ! porridge after meat ! — I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus.— Ne'er look, ne'er look ; the eagles are gone : crows and daws, crows and daws ! — I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

*Cres.* There is among the Greeks Achilles,— a better man than Troilus.

*Pan.* Achilles ! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

*Cres.* Well, well.

*Pan.* Well, well ! — Why, have you any discretion ? have you any eyes ? do you know what a man is ? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man ?

*Cres.* Ay, a minced man : and then to be baked with no date in the pie,— for then the man's date's out.

*Pan.* You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

*Cres.* Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

*Pan.* Say one of your watches.

*Cres.* Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

*Pan.* You are such another!

*Enter* TROILUS' Boy.

*Boy.* Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

*Pan.* Where?

*Boy.* At your own house; there he unarms him.

*Pan.* Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit Boy.*] I doubt he be hurt.— Fare ye well, good niece.

*Cres.* Adieu, uncle.

*Pan.* I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

*Cres.* To bring, uncle?

*Pan.* Ay, a token from Troilus.

*Cres.* By the same token — you are a bawd.

[*Exit Pandarus.*

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise:
But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she belov'd knows naught that knows not this,--
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then, though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp. Before* AGAMEMNON'S *tent.*

*Sennet. Enter* AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, *and others.*

*Agam.* Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmisèd shape. Why, then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our wrecks,
And call them shames, which are, indeed, naught else
But the protractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingièd.

*Nest.* With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbor fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valor's show and valor's worth divide
In storms of fortune: for in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance of the breese
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why, then the thing of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in selfsame key
Retorts to chiding fortune.

*Ulyss.* Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,— hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which—[*to Agamemnon*] most mighty for thy place and sway,—
[*To Nestor*] And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life —
I give to both your speeches,— which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air — strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides — knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue,— yet let it please both,
Though great and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

*Agam.* Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

*Ulyss.* Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,

And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected :
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected ? Degree being vizarded,
Th' unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this center,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order :
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other ; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad : but when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny,
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure ! O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
Then enterprise is sick ! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commérce from dividable shores,
The primogenity and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place ?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows ! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy : the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe :
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead :
Force should be right ; or rather, right and wrong ...
Between whose endless jar justice resides —

Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

*Nest.* Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

*Agam.* The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

*Ulysses.* The great Achilles,— whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehead of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action —
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls —
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player,— whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquar'd,

Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
The large Achilles, on press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries, "Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he being drest to some oration."
That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries, "Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night-alarm."
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport
Sir Valor dies; cries, "O, enough, Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

*Nest.* And in the imitation of these twain —
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice — many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a pace
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites—
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint —
To match us in comparisons with dirt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded-in with danger.

*Ulyss.* They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,

When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war;
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

*Nest.* Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*A tucket.*

*Agam.* What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

*Men.* From Troy.

*Enter* ÆNEAS.

*Agam.* What would you 'fore our tent?

*Æne.* Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

*Agam.* Even this.

*Æne.* May one, that is a herald and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

*Agam.* With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

*Æne.* Fair leave and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

*Agam.* How!

*Æne.* Ay;
I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

*Agam.* This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

*Æne.* Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,

Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

*Agam.* Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

*Æne.* Ay, Greek, that is my name.

*Agam.* What's your affair, I pray you?

*Æne.* Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

*Agam.* He hears naught privately that comes from Troy.

*Æne.* Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

*Agam.* Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

*Æne.* Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector,— Priam is his father,—
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece
That holds his honor higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valor, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers,— to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;

And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honor him;
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

*Agam.* This shall be told our lovers, Lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

*Nest.* Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

*Æne.* Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

*Ulyss.* Amen.

*Agam.* Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all except Ulysses and Nestor.*

*Ulyss.* Nestor,—

*Nest.* What says Ulysses?

*Ulyss.* I have a young conception in my brain;
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

*Nest.* What is't?

*Ulyss.* This 'tis:—

Blunt wedges rive hard knots : the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

*Nest.* Well, and how?

*Ulyss.* This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

*Nest.* The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,— though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,— will, with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

*Ulyss.* And wake him to the answer, think you?

*Nest.* Yes,
It is most meet: who may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honor off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subséquent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,

In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.
*Ulyss.* Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, that they will sell; if not,
The luster of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better. Do not, then, consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honor and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.
*Nest.* I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?
*Ulyss.* What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun
Than in the pride and salt-scorn of his eyes,
Should he scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: 'mong ourselves
Give him allowance as the worthier man;
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.
*Nest.* Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *A part of the Grecian camp.*

*Enter* AJAX *and* THERSITES.

*Ajax.* Thersites,—

*Ther.* Agamemnon,— how if he had boils, full, all over, generally? —

*Ajax.* Thersites,—

*Ther.* And those boils did run? — Say so,— did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core? —

*Ajax.* Dog,—

*Ther.* Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

*Ajax.* Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel, then. [*Beating him.*

*Ther.* The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

*Ajax.* Speak, then, thou vinewedst leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

*Ther.* I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

*Ajax.* Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

*Ther.* Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

*Ajax.* The proclamation!

*Ther.* Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

*Ajax.* Do not, porpentine, do not: my fingers itch.

*Ther.* I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

*Ajax.* I say, the proclamation!

*Ther.* Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

*Ajax.* Mistress Thersites!

*Ther.* Thou shouldst strike him.

*Ajax.* Cobloaf!

*Ther.* He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

*Ajax.* You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*

*Ther.* Do, do.

*Ajax.* Thou stool for a witch!

*Ther.* Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinico may tutor thee: thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

*Ajax.* You dog!

*Ther.* You scurvy lord!

*Ajax.* You cur! [*Beating him.*

*Ther.* Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

*Enter* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

*Achil.* Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you thus? — How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?

*Ther.* You see him there, do you?

*Achil.* Ay; what's the matter?

*Ther.* Nay, look upon him.

*Achil.* So I do: what's the matter?

*Ther.* Nay, but regard him well.

*Achil.* Well! why, I do so.

*Ther.* But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

*Achil.* I know that, fool.

*Ther.* Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

*Ajax.* Therefore I beat thee.

*Ther.* Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, — who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, — I'll tell you what I say of him.

*Achil.* What?

*Ther.* I say, this Ajax —

[*Ajax offers to beat him, Achilles interposes.*

*Achil.* Nay, good Ajax.

*Ther.* Has not so much wit —

*Achil.* Nay, I must hold you.

*Ther.* As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

*Achil.* Peace, fool!

*Ther.* I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

*Ajax.* O thou damned cur! I shall —

*Achil.* Will you set your wit to a fool's?

*Ther.* No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

*Patr.* Good words, Thersites.

*Achil.* What's the quarrel?

*Ajax.* I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

*Ther.* I serve thee not.

*Ajax.* Well, go to, go to.

*Ther.* I serve here voluntary.

*Achil.* Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary, — no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

*Ther.* E'en so; a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

*Achil.* What, with me too, Thersites?

*Ther.* There's Ulysses and old Nestor — whose wit was moldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes — yoke you like draught-oxen, and make you plow up the wars.

*Achil.* What, what?

*Ther.* Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax, to!

*Ajax.* I shall cut out your tongue.

*Ther.* 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

*Patr.* No more words, Thersites; peace!

*Ther.* I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

*Achil.* There's for you, Patroclus.

*Ther.* I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

*Patr.* A good riddance.
*Achil.* Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host: —
That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare
Maintain — I know not what; 'tis trash. Farewell.
*Ajax.* Farewell. Who shall answer him?
*Achil.* I know not,— 'tis put to lottery; otherwise
He knew his man. [*Exeunt Achil. and Patr.*
*Ajax.* O, meaning you.— I will go learn more of it.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Troy. A room in* PRIAM'S *palace.*

*Enter* PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, *and* HELENUS.

*Pri.* After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks: —
"Deliver Helen, and all damage else —
As honor, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war —
Shall be struck off:" — Hector, what say you to't?
*Hect.* Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I
As far as toucheth my particular,
Yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out "Who knows what follows?"
Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen,— I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,—
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

*Tro.* Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honor of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!
*Hel.* No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?
*Tro.* You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest;
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honor
Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.
*Hect.* Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.
*Tro.* What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd?
*Hect.* But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of th' affected merit.
*Tro.* I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: how may I avoid,

Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honor:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve
Because we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo, and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,—
As you must needs, for you all cried, "Go, go;"
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,—
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands
And cried, "Inestimable!"—why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did,—
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base,
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
That in their country did them that disgrace
We fear to warrant in our native place!

*Cas.* [*within*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

*Pri.* What noise, what shriek is this?

*Tro.* 'Tis our mad sister; I do know her voice.

*Cas.* [*within*] Cry, Trojans!

*Hect.* It is Cassandra.

*Enter* CASSANDRA, *raving*.

*Cas.* Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

*Hect.* Peace, sister, peace!

*Cas.* Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamors! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practice your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe!
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

*Hect.* Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

*Tro.* Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honors all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

*Par.* Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valor,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

*Pri.* Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights;

You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.
*Par.* Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off in honorable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble
Whose life were ill-bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.
*Hect.* Paris and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd,— but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbèd wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-order'd nation
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,— these moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud

To have her back return'd : thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth : yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still ;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

*Tro.* Why, there you touch'd the life of our design :
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defense. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honor and renown ;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds ;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canónize us :
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

*Hect.* I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits :
I was advértis'd their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept :
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp. Before* ACHILLES' *tent.*

*Enter* THERSITES.

*Ther.* How now, Thersites ! what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury ! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus ? he beats me, and I rail at him : O worthy satisfaction ! would it were otherwise ; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me : 'sfoot ; I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,— a rare enginer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter

of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-aimed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy say Amen.— What, ho! my Lord Achilles!

*Enter* PATROCLUS.

*Patr.* Who's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

*Ther.* If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen.— Where's Achilles?

*Patr.* What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

*Ther.* Ay; the heavens hear me!

*Enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Who's there?

*Patr.* Thersites, my lord.

*Achil.* Where, where? — Art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come,— what's Agamemnon?

*Ther.* Thy commander, Achilles.— Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

*Patr.* Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

*Ther.* Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

*Patr.* Thou mayst tell that knowest.

*Achil.* O, tell, tell.

*Ther.* I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

*Patr.* You rascal!

*Ther.* Peace, fool! I have not done.

*Achil.* He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

*Achil.* Derive this; come.

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

*Patr.* Why am I a fool?

*Ther.* Make that demand to the creator. It suffices me thou art.— Look you, who comes here?

*Achil.* Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.— Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

*Ther.* Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

*Enter* AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and* AJAX.

*Agam.* Where is Achilles?

*Patr.* Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

*Agam.* Let it be known to him that we are here.
He shent our messengers: and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so; lest perchance he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

*Patr.* I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*

*Ulyss.* We saw him at the opening of his tent:
He is not sick.

*Ajax.* Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favor the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why, why? let him show us the cause.—A word, my lord. [*Takes Agamemnon aside.*

*Nest.* What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

*Ulyss.* Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

*Nest.* Who, Thersites?

*Ulyss.* He.

*Nest.* Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

*Ulyss.* No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument,— Achilles.

*Nest.* All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.

*Ulyss.* The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.— Here comes Patroclus.

*Nest.* No Achilles with him.

*Ulyss.* The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

*Re-enter* PATROCLUS.

*Patr.* Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness and this noble state
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other
But for your health and your digestion sake,—
An after-dinner's breath.

*Agam.* Hear you, Patroclus:—
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,
If you do say we think him over-proud
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch

His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this; and add,
That if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report,—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant: — tell him so.

*Patr.* I shall; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

*Agam.* In second voice we'll not be satisfied;
We come to speak with him.— Ulysses, enter you.
[*Exit Ulysses.*

*Ajax.* What is he more than another?

*Agam.* No more than what he thinks he is.

*Ajax.* Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

*Agam.* No question.

*Ajax.* Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

*Agam.* No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

*Ajax.* Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

*Agam.* Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

*Ajax.* I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

*Nest.* [*aside*] Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

*Re-enter* ULYSSES.

*Ulyss.* Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

*Agam.* What's his excuse?

*Ulyss.* He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

*Agam.* Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

*Ulyss.* Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important : possess'd he is with greatness ;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath : imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself : what should I say ?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of't
Cry " No recovery."
*Agam.* Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent :
'Tis said he holds you well ; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.
*Ulyss.* O Agamemnon, let it not be so !
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles : shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as doth revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worship'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he ?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd ;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles :
That were t' enlard his fat-already pride,
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him ! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder, " Achilles go to him."
*Nest.* [*aside*] O, this is well ; he rubs the vein of him.
*Dio.* [*aside*] And how his silence drinks up this applause !
*Ajax.* If I go to him, with my armèd fist
I'll pash him o'er the face.
*Agam.* O, no, you shall not go.
*Ajax.* An 'a be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride :
Let me go to him.
*Ulyss.* Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.
*Ajax.* A paltry, insolent fellow !
*Nest.* [*aside*] How he describes himself !

*Ajax.* Can he not be sociable?
*Ulyss.* [*aside*] The raven chides blackness.
*Ajax.* I'll let his humors blood.
*Agam.* [*aside*] He will be the physician that should be the patient.
*Ajax.* An all men were o' my mind,—
*Ulyss.* [*aside*] Wit would be out of fashion.
*Ajax.* 'A should not bear it so, 'a should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?
*Nest.* [*aside*] An 'twould, you'd carry half.
*Ulyss.* [*aside*] 'A would have ten shares.
*Ajax.* I will knead him; I'll make him supple.
*Nest.* [*aside*] He's not yet through warm: force him with praises: pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.
*Ulyss.* [*to Agam.*] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.
*Nest.* Our noble general, do not do so.
*Dio.* You must prepare to fight without Achilles.
*Ulyss.* Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man — but 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.
*Nest.* Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.
*Ulyss.* Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
*Ajax.* A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!
Would he were a Trojan!
*Nest.* What a vice were it in Ajax now,—
*Ulyss.* If he were proud,—
*Dio.* Or covetous of praise,—
*Ulyss.* Ay, or surly borne,—
*Dio.* Or strange, or self-affected!
*Ulyss.* Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigor, let
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I'll not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor,—
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:—
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

*Ajax.* Shall I call you father?

*Nest.* Ay, my good son.

*Dio.* Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.

*Ulyss.* There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

*Agam.* Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I. *Troy. A room in* PRIAM'S *palace.*

*Enter a* Servant *and* PANDARUS.

*Pan.* Friend, you,—pray you, a word: do not you follow the young Lord Paris?

*Serv.* Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

*Pan.* You depend upon him, I mean?

*Serv.* Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

*Pan.* You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

*Serv.* The lord be praised!

*Pan.* You know me, do you not?

*Serv.* Faith, sir, superficially.

*Pan.* Friend, know me better; I am the Lord Pandarus.

*Serv.* I hope I shall know your honor better.

*Pan.* I do desire it.

*Serv.* You are in the state of grace.

*Pan.* Grace! not so, friend; honor and lordship are my titles. [*Music within.*]—What music is this?

*Serv.* I do but partly know, sir : it is music in parts.
*Pan.* Know you the musicians?
*Serv.* Wholly, sir.
*Pan.* Who play they to ?
*Serv.* To the hearers, sir.
*Pan.* At whose pleasure, friend ?
*Serv.* At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.
*Pan.* Command, I mean, friend.
*Serv.* Who shall I command, sir?
*Pan.* Friend, we understand not one another : I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play ?

*Serv.* That's to't, indeed, sir : marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who's there in person ; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—
*Pan.* Who, my cousin Cressida ?
*Serv.* No, sir, Helen : could you not find out that by her attributes ?
*Pan.* It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus : I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seethes.
*Serv.* Sodden business ! there's a stewed phrase indeed !

*Enter* PARIS *and* HELEN, *attended.*

*Pan.* Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! —especially to you, fair queen ! fair thoughts be your fair pillow !
*Helen.* Dear lord, you are full of fair words.
*Pan.* You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.— Fair prince, here is good broken music.
*Par.* You have broke it, cousin : and, by my life, you shall make it whole again ; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance.— Nell, he is full of harmony.
*Pan.* Truly, lady, no.
*Helen.* O, sir,—
*Pan.* Rude, in sooth ; in good sooth, very rude.
*Par.* Well said, my lord ! well, you say so in fits.

*Pan.* I have business to my lord, dear queen.— My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

*Helen.* Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

*Pan.* Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.— But, marry, thus, my lord,— My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus,—

*Helen.* My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

*Pan.* Go to, sweet queen, go to:— commends himself most affectionately to you,—

*Helen.* You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

*Pan.* Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith,—

*Helen.* And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offense. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.

*Pan.* And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

*Helen.* My Lord Pandarus,—

*Pan.* What says my sweet queen,— my very very sweet queen?

*Par.* What exploit's in hand! where sups he tonight?

*Helen.* Nay, but, my lord,—

*Pan.* What says my sweet queen? — My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

*Par.* I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

*Pan.* No, no, no such matter; you are wide: come, your disposer is sick.

*Par.* Well, I'll make excuse.

*Pan.* Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

*Par.* I spy.

*Pan.* You spy! what do you spy?— Come, give me an instrument.— Now, sweet queen.

*Helen.* Why, this is kindly done.

*Pan.* My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

*Helen.* She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

*Pan.* He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

*Helen.* Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

*Pan.* Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

*Helen.* Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

*Pan.* Ay, you may, you may.

*Helen.* Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

*Pan.* Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

*Par.* Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

*Pan.* In good troth, it begins so. [*Sings.*

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.
These lovers cry — Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!

*Helen.* In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

*Par.* He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

*Pan.* Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? — Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

*Par.* Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

*Helen.* He hangs the lip at something: — you know all, Lord Pandarus.

*Pan.* Not I, honey-sweet queen.— I long to hear how

they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

*Par.* To a hair.

*Pan.* Farewell, sweet queen.

*Helen.* Commend me to your niece.

*Pan.* I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*

[*A retreat sounded.*

*Par.* They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

*Helen.* 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris;
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, overshines ourself.

*Par.* Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.* PANDARUS' *orchard.*

*Enter* PANDARUS *and* TROILUS' Boy, *meeting.*

*Pan.* How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

*Boy.* No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

*Pan.* O, here he comes.

*Enter* TROILUS.

How now, how now!

*Tro.* Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Boy.*

*Pan.* Have you seen my cousin?

*Tro.* No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields
Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

*Pan.* Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight.
[*Exit.*

*Tro.* I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense: what will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice repurèd nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

*Re-enter* PANDARUS.

*Pan.* She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit.*

*Tro.* Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.

*Re-enter* PANDARUS *with* CRESSIDA.

*Pan.* Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.— Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.— What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.— Why do you not speak to her? — Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

*Tro.* You have bereft me of all words, lady.

*Pan.* Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's—"In witness whereof the parties interchangeably"—Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire. [*Exit.*

*Cres.* Will you walk in, my lord?

*Tro.* O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

*Cres.* Wished, my lord!—The gods grant—O my lord!

*Tro.* What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

*Cres.* More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

*Tro.* Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

*Cres.* Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worst.

*Tro.* O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

*Cres.* Nor nothing monstrous neither?

*Tro.* Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

*Cres.* They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

*Tro.* Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus.

*Cres.* Will you walk in, my lord?

*Re-enter* PANDARUS.

*Pan.* What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

*Cres.* Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

*Pan.* I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

*Tro.* You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

*Pan.* Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

*Cres.* Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

*Tro.* Why was my Cressid, then, so hard to win?

*Cres.* Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever — pardon me —
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it: — in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: — see, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us
When we are so unsecret to ourselves? —
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel! — stop my mouth.

*Tro.* And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

*Pan.* Pretty, i' faith. [*Kisses her.*

*Cres.* My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd; — O heavens! what have I done?
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

*Tro.* Your leave, sweet Cressid!
*Pan.* Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—
*Cres.* Pray you, content you.
*Tro.* What offends you, lady?
*Cres.* Sir, mine own company.
*Tro.* You cannot shun
Yourself.
*Cres.* Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.
*Tro.* Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.
*Cres.* Perchance, my lord, I show'd more craft than love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise;
Or else you love not; for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.
*Tro.* O that I thought it could be in a woman—
As, if it can, I will presume in you—
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.
*Cres.* In that I'll war with you.
*Tro.* O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the center,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
" As true as Troilus " shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

*Cres.* Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said " as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son," —
" Yea," let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
" As false as Cressid."

*Pan.* Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand; here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all Pandars; let all inconstant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

*Tro.* Amen.

*Cres.* Amen.

*Pan.* Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a bed; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away!
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *The Grecian camp.*

*Enter* AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS.

*Cal.* Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud

To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind
That, through the sight I bear in things to Jove,
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possessions,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

*Agam.* What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

*Cal.* You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you — often have you thanks therefóre—
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: but this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pay.

*Agam.* Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.— Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

*Dio.* This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.*

*Enter* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS, *before their tent.*

*Ulyss.* Achilles stands i' th' entrance of his tent:—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,

As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me
Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him:
If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink:
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

*Agam.* We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along:—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

*Achil.* What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

*Agam.* What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

*Nest.* Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

*Achil.* No.

*Nest.* Nothing, my lord.

*Agam.* The better. [*Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.*

*Achil.* Good day, good day.

*Men.* How do you? how do you? [*Exit.*

*Achil.* What, does the cuckold scorn me?

*Ajax.* How now, Patroclus!

*Achil.* Good morrow, Ajax.

*Ajax.* Ha!

*Achil.* Good morrow.

*Ajax.* Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit.*

*Achil.* What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

*Patr.* They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come us humbly as they use to creep
To holy altars.

*Achil.* What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;

And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honor, but honor for those honors
That are without him, as place, riches, favor,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses!

*Ulyss.* Now, great Thetis' son!

*Achil.* What are you reading?

*Ulyss.* A strange fellow here
Writes me, "That man — how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without or in —
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver."

*Achil.* This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form:
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travel'd, and is mirror'd there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

*Ulyss.* I do not strain at the position,—
It is familiar,— but at the author's drift;
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught

Till he behold them formèd in th' applause
Where they're extended ; who, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again ; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this ;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there ! a very horse ;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there
are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use !
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-morrow —
An act that very chance doth throw upon him —
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do !
How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes !
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness !
To see these Grecian lords ! — why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrieking.

*Achil.* I do believe it ; for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars,— neither gave to me
Good word nor look : what, are my deeds forgot ?

*Ulyss.* Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes :
Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As they are done : perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honor bright : to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take th' instant way ;
For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast : keep, then, the path ;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue : if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forth-right,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,

And leave you hindmost;
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the corner: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gauds,
Though they are made and molded of things past,
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the object:
Then marvel not, thou great and cómplete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves
And drave great Mars to faction.

*Achil.* Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

*Ulyss.* But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

*Achil.* Ha! known!

*Ulyss.* Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deeps;

Keeps pace with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery — with whom relation
Durst never meddle — in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expressure to:
All the commérce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump,
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,
"Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him."
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*

*Patr.* To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

*Achil.* Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

*Patr.* Ay, and perhaps receive much honor by him.

*Achil.* I see my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

*Patr.* O, then, beware;
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

*Achil.* Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
T' invite the Trojan lords after the combat
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,

To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view.— A labor sav'd!

*Enter* THERSITES.

*Ther.* A wonder!

*Achil.* What?

*Ther.* Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

*Achil.* How so?

*Ther.* He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgeling that he raves in saying nothing.

*Achil.* How can that be?

*Ther.* Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say "There were wit in this head, an 'twould out;" and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break't himself in vainglory. He knows not me: I said, "Good morrow, Ajax;" and he replies. "Thanks, Agamemnon." What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very landfish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

*Achil.* Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

*Ther.* Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

*Achil.* To him, Patroclus: tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honored captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

*Patr.* Jove bless great Ajax!

*Ther.* Hum!

*Patr.* I come from the worthy Achilles,—
*Ther.* Ha!
*Patr.* Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—
*Ther.* Hum!
*Patr.* And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.
*Ther.* Agamemnon!
*Patr.* Ay, my lord.
*Ther.* Ha!
*Patr.* What say you to't?
*Ther.* God b' wi' you, with all my heart.
*Patr.* Your answer, sir.
*Ther.* If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.
*Patr.* Your answer, sir.
*Ther.* Fare you well, with all my heart.
*Achil.* Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?
*Ther.* No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none,—unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.
*Achil.* Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.
*Ther.* Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.
*Achil.* My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.
[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*
*Ther.* Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *Troy. A street.*

*Enter, from one side,* ÆNEAS, *and* Servant *with a torch; from the other,* PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, *and others, with torches.*

*Par.* See, ho! who's that there?
*Dei.* 'Tis the Lord Æneas.
*Æne.* Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.
*Dio.* That's my mind too.— Good morrow, Lord Æneas.
*Par.* A valiant Greek, Æneas,— take his hand,—
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.
*Æne.* Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce ;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think or courage execute.
*Dio.* The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm ; and, so long, health ;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.
*Æne.* And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.— In human gentleness,
Welcome to Troy ! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed ! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love in such a sort
The thing he means to kill more excellently.
*Dio.* We sympathize :— Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand cómplete courses of the sun !
But, in mine emulous honor, let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow !
*Æne.* We know each other well.
*Dio.* We do ; and long to know each other worse.
*Par.* This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early ?
*Æne.* I was sent for to the king ; but why, I know not.
*Par.* His purpose meets you : 'twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house ; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid :
Let's have your company : or, if you please,
Haste there before us : I constantly do think —

Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge —
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night :
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefóre : I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.
*Æne.* That I assure you :
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
Than Cressid borne from Troy.
*Par.* There is no help ;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord ; we'll follow you.
*Æne.* Good morrow, all. [*Exit with Servant.*
*Par.* And tell me, noble Diomed,— faith tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself or Menelaus ?
*Dio.* Both alike :
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soilure,
With such a hell of pain and world of charge ;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonor,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends :
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamèd piece ;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors :
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more ;
But he as he, each heavier for a whore.
*Par.* You are too bitter to your countrywoman.
*Dio.* She's bitter to her country : hear me, Paris : —
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk ; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight
A Trojan hath been slain ; since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.
*Par.* Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy :
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll but commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Court of* PANDARUS' *house.*

*Enter* TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

*Tro.* Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.
*Cres.* Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.
*Tro.* Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses
As infants' empty of all thought!
*Cres.* Good morrow, then.
*Tro.* I prithee now, to bed.
*Cres.* Are you a-weary of me?
*Tro.* O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.
*Cres.* Night hath been too brief.
*Tro.* Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.
*Cres.* Prithee, tarry; —
You men will never tarry.—
O foolish Cressid! — I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried.— Hark! there's one up.
*Pan.* [*within*] What, 's all the doors open here?
*Tro.* It is your uncle.
*Cres.* A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life!

*Enter* PANDARUS.

*Pan.* How now, how now! how go maidenheads? —
Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?
*Cres.* Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do — and then you flout me too.
*Pan.* To do what? to do what? — let her say what: —
what have I brought you to do?

*Cres.* Come, come, beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

*Pan.* Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah, poor capocchio! hast not slept to-night? would he not — a naughty man — let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

*Cres.* Did not I tell you? — would he were knock'd i' th' head! — [*Knocking within.*
Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

*Tro.* Ha, ha!

*Cres.* Come, you're deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.— [*Knocking within.*
How earnestly they knock! — Pray you, come in:
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.
[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.*

*Pan.* [*going to the door*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what's the matter?

*Enter* ÆNEAS.

*Æne.* Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

*Pan.* Who's there? my Lord Æneas! By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

*Æne.* Is not Prince Troilus here?

*Pan.* Here! what should he do here?

*Æne.* Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him: It doth import him much to speak with me.

*Pan.* Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn: — for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

*Æne.* Who! — nay, then: — come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're ware: you'll be so true to him to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

*As* PANDARUS *is going out, re-enter* TROILUS.

*Tro.* How now! what's the matter?

*Æne.* My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,

The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The Lady Cressida.

*Tro.* Is it so concluded?

*Æne.* By Priam and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

*Tro.* How my achievements mock me! —
I will go meet them: and, my Lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

*Æne.* Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.*

*Pan.* Is't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad: a plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck!

*Enter* CRESSIDA.

*Cres.* How now! what's the matter? who was here?

*Pan.* Ah, ah!

*Cres.* Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

*Pan.* Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

*Cres.* O the gods! — what's the matter?

*Pan.* Prithee, get thee in: would thou had'st ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death: — O, poor gentleman! — A plague upon Antenor!

*Cres.* Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?

*Pan.* Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor; thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

*Cres.* O you immortal gods! — I will not go.

*Pan.* Thou must.

*Cres.* I will not, uncle: I've forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus.— O you gods divine,
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to't.—I'll go in and weep,—
*Pan.* Do, do.
*Cres.* Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praisèd cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding "Troilus." I will not go from Troy.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Street before* PANDARUS' *house.*

*Enter* PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR *and* DIOMEDES.

*Par.* It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.
*Tro.* Walk into her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*
*Par.* I know what 'tis to love;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A room in* PANDARUS' *house.*

*Enter* PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA.

*Pan.* Be moderate, be moderate.
*Cres.* Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:

My love admits no qualifying dross ;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.
*Pan.* Here, here, here he comes.

*Enter* TROILUS.

Ah, sweet ducks!
*Cres.* O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*
*Pan.* What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. "O heart," as the goodly saying is,

"—— O heart, O heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?"

where he answers again,

"Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By friendship nor by speaking."

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse ; we see it, we see it.— How now, lambs!
*Tro.* Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.
*Cres.* Have the gods envy?
*Pan.* Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.
*Cres.* And is it true that I must go from Troy?
*Tro.* A hateful truth.
*Cres.* What, and from Troilus too?
*Tro.* From Troy and Troilus.
*Cres.* Is it possible?
*Tro.* And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own laboring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;

And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.
*Æne.* [*within*] My lord, is the lady ready ?
*Tro.* Hark! you are call'd : some say the Genius so
Cries "Come!" to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.
*Pan.* Where are my tears ? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit.*
*Cres.* I must, then, to the Grecians ?
*Tro.* No remedy.
*Cres.* A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks !
When shall we see again ?
*Tro.* Hear me, my love : be thou but true of heart,—
*Cres.* I true! how now! what wicked deem is this?
*Tro.* Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us :
I speak not "be thou true," as fearing thee ;
For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart :
But "be thou true," say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation ; be thou true,
And I will see thee.
*Cres.* O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent ! but I'll be true.
*Tro.* And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.
*Cres.* And you this glove. When shall I see you ?
*Tro.* I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.
*Cres.* O heavens !— "be true" again !
*Tro.* Hear why I speak it, love :
The Grecian youths are full of quality ;
They're loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise :
How novelty may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy—
Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin —
Makes me afeard.
*Cres.* O heavens ! you love me not.
*Tro.* Die I a villain, then !
In this I do not call your faith in question

So mainly as my merit : I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games ; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant :
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil
That tempts most cunningly : but be not tempted.
*Cres.* Do you think I will ?
*Tro.* No.
But something may be done that we will not :
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.
*Æne.* [*within*] Nay, good my lord,—
*Tro.* Come, kiss ; and let us part.
*Par.* [*within*] Brother Troilus !
*Tro.* Good brother, come you hither ;
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.
*Cres.* My lord, will you be true ?
*Tro.* Who, I ? alas, it is my vice, my fault :
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity ;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth : the moral of my wit
Is "plain and true ;" there's all the reach of it.

*Enter* ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, *and* DIOMEDES.

Welcome, Sir Diomed ! here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you :
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand ;
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair ; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam's is in Ilion.
*Dio.* Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects :
The luster in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage : and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

*Tro.* Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.
*Dio.* O, be not mov'd, Prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust: and know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say, "Be't so,"
I'll speak it in my spirit and honor, "No."
*Tro.* Come, to the port.— I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.
[*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.*
[*Trumpet within.*
*Par.* Hark! Hector's trumpet.
*Æne.* How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.
*Par.* 'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to field with him.
*Dei.* Let us make ready straight.
*Æne.* Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Grecian camp. Lists set out.*

*Enter* AJAX, *armed;* AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, *and others.*

*Agam.* Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that th' appallèd air

May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.
*Ajax.* Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe :
Blow, villain, till thy spherèd bias cheek
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon :
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood ;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*
*Ulyss.* No trumpet answers.
*Achil.* 'Tis but early days.
*Agam.* Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daughter ?
*Ulyss.* 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait ;
He rises on the toe : that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

*Enter* DIOMEDES *with* CRESSIDA.

*Agam.* Is this the Lady Cressid ?
*Dio.* Even she.
*Agam.* Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.
[*Kisses her.*
*Nest.* Our general doth salute you with a kiss.
*Ulyss.* Yet is the kindness but particular ;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.
*Nest.* And very courtly counsel : I'll begin.—
[*Kisses her.*
So much for Nestor.
*Achil.* I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady :
[*Kisses her.*
Achilles bids you welcome.
*Men.* I had good argument for kissing once.
*Patr.* But that's no argument for kissing now ;
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument. [*Kisses her.*
*Ulyss.* O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns !
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.
*Patr.* The first was Menelaus' kiss ; — this, mine :
[*Kisses her again.*
Patroclus kisses you.
*Men.* O, this is trim !
*Patr.* Paris and I kiss evermore for him.
*Men.* I'll have my kiss, sir.— Lady, by your leave.
*Cres.* In kissing, do you render or receive ?

*Men.* Both take and give.
*Cres.* I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.
*Men.* I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
*Cres.* You're an odd man; give even, or give none.
*Men.* An odd man, lady! every man is odd.
*Cres.* No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
*Men.* You fillip me o' the head.
*Cres.* No, I'll be sworn.
*Ulyss.* It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
*Cres.* You may.
*Ulyss.* I do desire't.
*Cres.* Why, beg then, do.
*Ulyss.* Why, then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.
*Cres.* I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
*Ulyss.* Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.
*Dio.* Lady, a word:—I'll bring you to your father.
[*Exit with Cressida.*
*Nest.* A woman of quick sense.
*Ulyss.* Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*
*All.* The Trojans' trumpet.
*Agam.* Yonder comes the troop.

*Enter* HECTOR, *armed;* ÆNEAS, TROILUS, *and other* Trojans, *with* Attendants.

*Æne.* Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? or do you purpose
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other ; or shall be divided
By any voice or order of the field ?
Hector bade ask.
*Agam.* Which way would Hector have it ?
*Æne.* He cares not ; he'll obey conditions.
*Achil.* 'Tis done like Hector ; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprising
The knight oppos'd.
*Æne.* If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name ?
*Achil.* If not Achilles, nothing.
*Æne.* Therefore Achilles : but whate'er, know this : —
In the extremity of great and little,
Valor and pride excel themselves in Hector ;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood :
In love whereof half Hector stays at home ;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.
*Achil.* A maiden battle, then ? — O, I perceive you.

*Re-enter* DIOMEDES.

*Agam.* Here is Sir Diomed. — Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax : as you and Lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it ; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath : the combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.
[*Ajax and Hector enter the lists.*
*Ulyss.* They are oppos'd already.
*Agam.* What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy ?
*Ulyss.* The youngest son of Priam, a true knight ;
Not yet mature, yet matchless : firm of word ;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue ;
Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd :
His heart and hand both open and both free ;
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows ;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,

Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and with private soul
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.
[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*
*Agam.* They are in action.
*Nest.* Now, Ajax, hold thine own!
*Tro.* Hector, thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!
*Agam.* His blows are well dispos'd: — there, Ajax!
*Dio.* You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*
*Æne.* Princes, enough, so please you.
*Ajax.* I am not warm yet; let us fight again.
*Dio.* As Hector pleases.
*Hect.* Why, then will I no more: —
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so
That thou couldst say, "This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds-in my father's;" by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drainèd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honor to thee!
*Ajax.* I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle and too free a man:

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earnèd in thy death.
*Hect.* Not Neoptolemus so mirable —
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st oyes
Cries "This is he"— could promise to himself
A thought of added honor torn from Hector.
*Æne.* There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.
*Hect.* We'll answer it;
The issue is embracement: — Ajax, farewell.
*Ajax.* If I might in entreaties find success —
As seld I have the chance — I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.
*Dio.* 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.
*Hect.* Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home.— Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.
*Ajax.* Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.
*Hect.* The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.
*Agam.* Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.
*Hect.* I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.
*Agam.* [*to Troilus*] My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.
*Men.* Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting; —
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
*Hect.* Who must we answer?
*Æne.* The noble Menelaus.
*Hect.* O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath;

Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove :
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.
*Men.* Name her not now, sir ; she's a deadly theme.
*Hect.* O, pardon ; I offend.
*Nest.* I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Laboring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth ; and I have seen thee
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advancèd sword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd ;
That I have said to some my standers-by,
" Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life ! "
And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling : this have I seen ;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him : he was a soldier good ;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee ;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
*Æne.* 'Tis the old Nestor.
*Hect.* Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time : —
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.
*Nest.* I would my arms could match thee in contention
As they contend with thee in courtesy.
*Hect.* I would they could.
*Nest.* Ha !
By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow : —
Well, welcome, welcome ! — I have seen the time —
*Ulyss.* I wonder now how yonder city stands
When we have here her base and pillar by us.
*Hect.* I know your favor, Lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.
*Ulyss.* Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue :
My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,

Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.
*Hect.* I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
*Ulyss.* So to him we leave it.
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.
*Achil.* I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou! —
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.
*Hect.* Is this Achilles?
*Achil.* I am Achilles.
*Hect.* Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.
*Achil.* Behold thy fill.
*Hect.* Nay, I have done already.
*Achil.* Thou art too brief: I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
*Hect.* O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?
*Achil.* Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: answer me, heavens!
*Hect.* It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
*Achil.* I tell thee, yea.
*Hect.* Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—

You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavor deeds to match these words,
Or may I never —
*Ajax.* Do not chafe thee, cousin: —
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.
*Hect.* I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.
*Achil.* Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night all friends.
*Hect.* Thy hand upon that match.
*Agam.* First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[*Exeunt all except Troilus and Ulysses.*
*Tro.* My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?
*Ulyss.* At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.
*Tro.* Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?
*Ulyss.* You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honor was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?
*Tro.* O sir, to such as boasting show their scars
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *The Grecian camp. Before* ACHILLES' *tent.*

*Enter* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

*Achil.* I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

*Patr.* Here comes Thersites.

*Enter* THERSITES.

*Achil.* How now, thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

*Ther.* Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshipers, here's a letter for thee. [*Gives letter.*

*Achil.* From whence, fragment?

*Ther.* Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

*Patr.* Who keeps the tent now?

*Ther.* The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

*Patr.* Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

*Ther.* Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

*Patr.* Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

*Ther.* Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the riveled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

*Patr.* Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

*Ther.* Do I curse thee?

*Patr.* Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

*Ther.* No! why art thou, then, exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleave-silk; thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies,— diminutives of nature!

*Patr.* Out, gall!

*Ther.* Finch-egg!

*Achil.* My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall Greeks; fail fame; honor or go or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus! [*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*

*Ther.* With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but, if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,— an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,— the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,— to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus!—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.— Hoy-day! spirits and fires!

*Enter* HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, *and* DIOMEDES, *with lights.*

*Agam.* We go wrong, we go wrong.
*Ajax.* No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the lights.
*Hect.* I trouble you.
*Ajax.* No, not a whit.
*Ulyss.* Here comes himself to guide you.

*Re-enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.
*Agam.* So now, fair Prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

*Hect.* Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.
*Men.* Good night, my lord.
*Hect.* Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.
*Ther.* Sweet draught: sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.
*Achil.* Good night and welcome, both at once, to those
That go or tarry.
*Agam.* Good night.
[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.*
*Achil.* Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.
*Dio.* I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now.— Good night, great Hector.
*Hect.* Give me your hand.
*Ulyss.* [*aside to Troilus*] Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent:
I'll keep you company.
*Tro.* [*aside to Ulyss.*] Sweet sir, you honor me.
*Hect.* And so, good night.
[*Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following.*
*Achil.* Come, come, enter my tent.
[*Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.*
*Ther.* That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabbler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after. — Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Before* CALCHAS' *tent.*

*Enter* DIOMEDES.

*Dio.* What, are you up here, ho? speak.
*Cal.* [*within*] Who calls?
*Dio.* Diomed.— Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?
*Cal.* [*within*] She comes to you.

*Enter* TROILUS *and* ULYSSES, *at some distance; after them* THERSITES.

*Ulyss.* Stand where the torch may not discover us.

*Enter* CRESSIDA.

*Tro.* Cressid comes forth to him.
*Dio.* How now, my charge!
*Cres.* Now, my sweet guardian! — Hark, a word with you. [*Whispers.*
*Tro.* Yea, so familiar!
*Ulyss.* She will sing any man at first sight.
*Ther.* And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.
*Dio.* Will you remember?
*Cres.* Remember! yes.
*Dio.* Nay, but do, then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.
*Tro.* What should she remember?
*Ulyss.* List.
*Cres.* Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
*Ther.* Roguery!
*Dio.* Nay, then,—
*Cres.* I'll tell you what,—
*Dio.* Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.
*Cres.* In faith, I cannot: what would you have me do?
*Ther.* A juggling trick,— to be secretly open.
*Dio.* What did you swear you would bestow on me?
*Cres.* I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.
*Dio.* Good night.
*Tro.* Hold, patience!
*Ulyss.* How now, Trojan!
*Cres.* Diomed,—
*Dio.* No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.
*Tro.* Thy better must.
*Cres.* Hark, one word in your ear.
*Tro.* O plague and madness!
*Ulyss.* You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.
*Tro.* Behold, I pray you!

*Ulyss.* Nay, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.
*Tro.* I pray thee, stay.
*Ulyss.* You have no patience; come.
*Tro.* I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word!
*Dio.* And so, good night.
*Cres.* Nay, but you part in anger.
*Tro.* Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!
*Ulyss.* Why, how now, lord!
*Tro.* By Jove,
I will be patient.
*Cres.* Guardian! — why, Greek!
*Dio.* Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.
*Cres.* In faith, I do not: come hither once again.
*Ulyss.* You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?
You will break out.
*Tro.* She strokes his cheek!
*Ulyss.* Come, come.
*Tro.* Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offenses
A guard of patience: — stay a little while.
*Ther.* How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!
*Dio.* But will you, then?
*Cres.* In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
*Dio.* Give me some token for the surety of it.
*Cres.* I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
*Ulyss.* You have sworn patience.
*Tro.* Fear me not, sweet lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

*Re-enter* CRESSIDA.

*Ther.* Now the pledge; now, now, now!
*Cres.* Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.
*Tro.* O beauty! where is thy faith?
*Ulyss.* My lord,—
*Tro.* I will be patient; outwardly I will.
*Cres.* You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.—
He lov'd me — O false wench! — Give't me again.

*Dio.* Whose was't?
*Cres.* It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.
*Ther.* Now she sharpens: — well said, whetstone!
*Dio.* I shall have it.
*Cres.* What, this?
*Dio.* Ay, that.
*Cres.* O all you gods! — O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.— Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.
*Dio.* I had your heart before, this follows it.
*Tro.* I did swear patience.
*Cres.* You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not;
I'll give you something else.
*Dio.* I will have this: whose was it?
*Cres.* 'Tis no matter.
*Dio.* Come, tell me whose it was.
*Cres.* 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But now you have it, take it.
*Dio.* Whose was it?
*Cres.* By all Diana's waiting-women yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
*Dio.* To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
*Tro.* Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.
*Cres.* Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; — and yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.
*Dio.* Why, then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
*Cres.* You shall not go: — one cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.
*Dio.* I do not like this fooling.
*Ther.* Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you pleases me best.
*Dio.* What, shall I come? the hour?

*Cres.* Ay, come: — O Jove! — do come: — I shall be plagu'd.
*Dio.* Farewell till then.
*Cres.* Good night: I prithee, come.
[*Exit Diomedes.*
Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads must err; O, then conclude
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*
*Ther.* A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said, "My mind is now turn'd whore."
*Ulyss.* All's done, my lord.
*Tro.* It is.
*Ulyss.* Why stay we, then?
*Tro.* To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?
*Ulyss.* I cannot conjure, Trojan.
*Tro.* She was not, sure.
*Ulyss.* Most sure she was.
*Tro.* Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.
*Ulyss.* Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.
*Tro.* Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics,— apt, without a theme,
For depravation,— to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.
*Ulyss.* What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?
*Tro.* Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
*Ther.* Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?
*Tro.* This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifex for a point, as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragment, scraps, the bits, and greasy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

*Ulyss.* May worthy Troilus be but half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

*Tro.* Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulgèd well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek: — as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamor Neptune's ear
In his descent than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

*Ther.* He'll tickle it for his concupy.

*Tro.* O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stainèd name,
And they'll seem glorious.

*Ulyss.* O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

*Enter* ÆNEAS.

*Æne.* I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.
*Tro.* Have with you, prince.—My courteous lord, adieu.—
Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!
*Ulyss.* I'll bring you to the gates.
*Tro.* Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*

*Ther.* Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: a burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Troy. Before* PRIAM'S *palace.*

*Enter* HECTOR *and* ANDROMACHE.

*And.* When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.
*Hect.* You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go!
*And.* My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.
*Hect.* No more, I say.

*Enter* CASSANDRA.

*Cas.* Where is my brother Hector?
*And.* Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.
*Cas.* O, it is true.
*Hect.* Ho! bid my trumpet sound!
*Cas.* No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.
*Hect.* Be gone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

*Cas.* The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
*And.* O, be persuaded! do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.
*Cas.* It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.
*Hect.* Hold you still, I say;
Mine honor keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honor far more precious-dear than life.

*Enter* TROILUS.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?
*And.* Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
[*Exit Cassandra.*
*Hect.* No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day for thee, and me, and Troy.
*Tro.* Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.
*Hect.* What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.
*Tro.* When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.
*Hect.* O, 'tis fair play.
*Tro.* Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.
*Hect.* How now! how now!
*Tro.* For the love of all the gods.
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armors buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.
*Hect.* Fie, savage, fie!
*Tro.* Hector, then 'tis wars.

*Hect.* Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
*Tro.* Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergallèd with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

*Re-enter* CASSANDRA *and* PRIAM.

*Cas.* Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.
*Pri.* Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.
*Hect.* Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valor, to appear
This morning to them.
*Pri.* Ay, but thou shalt not go.
*Hect.* I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.
*Cas.* O Priam, yield not to him!
*And.* Do not, dear father.
*Hect.* Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.
[*Exit Andromache*
*Tro.* This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.
*Cas.* O, farewell, dear Hector!
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!

How poor Andromache shrills her dolors forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry "Hector! Hector's dead!" O Hector!

*Tro.* Away! away!

*Cas.* Farewell:—yet, soft!—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

*Hect.* You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

*Pri.* Farewell! the gods with safety stand about thee!
[*Exeunt severally Priam and Hector. Alarums.*

*Tro.* They're at it, hark!—Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

*As* TROILUS *is going out, enter from the other side* PANDARUS.

*Pan.* Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

*Tro.* What now?

*Pan.* Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.
[*Gives letter.*

*Tro.* Let me read.

*Pan.* A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' th's days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't.— What says she there?

*Tro.* Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart.
Th' effect doth operate another way.—
[*Tearing the letter.*
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV. *Plains between Troy and the Grecian camp.*

*Alarums: excursions. Enter* THERSITES.

*Ther.* Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young

knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab of a sleeveless errand. O' the t'other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals — that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses — is not proved worth a blackberry: — they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.— Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

*Enter* DIOMEDES, TROILUS *following.*

*Tro.* Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

*Dio.* Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

*Ther.* Hold thy whore, Grecian! — now for thy whore, Trojan! — now the sleeve! now the sleeveless!

[*Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.*

*Enter* HECTOR.

*Hect.* What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match? Art thou of blood and honor?

*Ther.* No, no,— I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

*Hect.* I do believe thee; — live. [*Exit.*

*Ther.* God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frighting me! — What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle: — yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the plains.*

*Enter* DIOMEDES *and a* Servant.

*Dio.* Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;

Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.
*Serv.* I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Enter* AGAMEMNON.

*Agam.* Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashèd corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polyxenes is slain;
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary
Appalls our numbers: — haste we, Diomed,
To re-enforcement, or we perish all.

*Enter* NESTOR.

*Nest.* Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,
And there they fly or die, like scalèd sculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

*Enter* ULYSSES.

*Ulyss.* O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,

With such a careless force and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

*Enter* AJAX.

*Ajax.* Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
*Dio.* Ay, there, there.
*Nest.* So, so, we draw together.

*Enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Where is this Hector? —
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry: —
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Another part of the plains.*

*Enter* AJAX.

*Ajax.* Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

*Enter* DIOMEDES.

*Dio.* Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?
*Ajax.* What wouldst thou?
*Dio.* I would correct him.
*Ajax.* Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office
Ere that correction. — Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

*Enter* TROILUS.

*Tro.* O traitor Diomed! — turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay the life thou ow'st me for my horse!
*Dio.* Ha, art thou there?
*Ajax.* I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.
*Dio.* He is my prize; I will not look upon.
*Tro.* Come, both you cogging Greeks; have at you both! [*Exeunt, fighting.*

*Enter* HECTOR.

*Hect.* Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

*Enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Now do I see thee, ha! — have at thee, Hector!
*Hect.* Pause, if thou wilt.
*Achil.* I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan:
Be happy that my arms are out of use:

My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

*Hect.* Fare thee well: —
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.

*Re-enter* TROILUS.

How now, my brother!

*Tro.* Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off: — fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

*Enter one in sumptuous armor.*

*Hect.* Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark: —
No? wilt thou not? — I like thy armor well;
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it: — wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why, then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Another part of the plains.*

*Enter* ACHILLES *with* Myrmidons.

*Achil.* Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath:
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your aims.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye: —
It is decreed Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* MENELAUS *and* PARIS, *fighting; then* THERSITES.

*Ther.* The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it.— Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! — The bull has the game: — ware horns, ho! [*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*

*Enter* MARGARELON.

*Mar.* Turn, slave, and fight.

*Ther.* What art thou?

*Mar.* A bastard son of Priam's.

*Ther.* I am a bastard too ; I love bastards : I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valor, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard ? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us : if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment : farewell, bastard. [*Exit.*

*Mar.* The devil take thee, coward ! [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the plains.*

*Enter* HECTOR.

*Hect.* Most putrefièd core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armor thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done ; I'll take good breath :
Rest, sword ; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.
[*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield behind him.*

*Enter* ACHILLES *and* Myrmidons.

*Achil.* Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set ;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels :
Even with the vail and darkening of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

*Hect.* I am unarm'd ; forego this vantage, Greek.

*Achil.* Strike, fellows, strike ; this is the man I seek.
[*Hector falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou next ! now, Troy, sink down !
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons ; and cry you all amain,
" Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain."—
[*A retreat sounded.*
Hark ! a retire upon our Grecian part.

*Myr.* The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

*Achil.* The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like, the armies separates.
My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.
[*Sheathes his sword.*
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail ;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Another part of the plains.*

*Enter* AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and others, marching. Shouts within.*

*Agam.* Hark! hark! what shout is that?
*Nest.* Peace, drums!
[*Within*] Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!
*Dio.* The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.
*Ajax.* If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was a man as good as he.
*Agam.* March patiently along:—let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE X. *Another part of the plains.*

*Enter* ÆNEAS *and* Trojans.

*Æne.* Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

*Enter* TROILUS.

*Tro.* Hector is slain.
*All.* Hector!—the gods forbid!
*Tro.* He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smite all Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destruction on!
*Æne.* My lord, you do discomfort all the host.
*Tro.* You understand me not that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go into Troy, and say there "Hector's dead;"
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away:

Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet.—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—and, thou great-siz'd coward,
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That moldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.
[*Exeunt Æneas and Trojans.*

*As* TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,* PANDARUS.

*Pan.* But hear you, hear you!
*Tro.* Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [*Exit.*
*Pan.* A goodly medicine for my aching bones!—
O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised!
O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavor be so loved, and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance of it?—Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdu'd in armèd tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some gallèd goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit*

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